

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 9.]

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1827.

[VOL. 7, N. 8.]

HAPPINESS.

IT has been the fashion to write very long, very grave, and doubtless very instructive essays upon the vanity, unprofitableness, and disappointment attending a search after happiness; a state of being, we are told by the sages, denied to the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe during the little hour in which they strut and fret upon the stage. These erudite personages, however, are all wrong; for, setting aside that grand bestower of all happiness, religion, as too deep and too sublime a subject for a light paper intended merely for the amusement of an idle moment, there are abundant sources of happiness to be found, in this busy world of ours, suitable to all ranks and conditions of men, and of women also. The latter sex are generally supposed, and with some justice, to be the happier of the two, as they derive pleasure from more innocent, if not more frivolous amusements. Gentlemen allow that there is a possibility of female happiness, since the fair weak creatures can enjoy a paradise of delight in constructing some new piece of finery, or in the manufacture of bread seals. But the subject may admit of much dispute; for it is not always that the lords of the creation seek for the grand object of human life in wise, learned, or even rational pursuits. Indeed it is a question whether women, if seldom rising to the most sublime and intellectual enjoyments, ever descend to such absurd and contemptible things as are

found to please their male friends: for instance, howsoever gay and mirthful an assembly of ladies may be, they never attempt to increase the hilarity of the hour by such an expedient as thumping a table: they do not stand up and compliment each other and themselves in long and dull speeches; or, when wit is scarce or exhausted, find a substitute in noise and clamour. And, though naturally addicted to dress, they do not take any delight in masquerading about the streets, decked out in some *outré* uniform, or livery, after the fashion of sundry clubs and societies, whose members, albeit exceedingly wise men, tie leathern aprons round their waists, stick blue ribbons in their hats, and "walk, hand-in-hand, along the Strand," to some inappropriate strain of music, to the wonderment of the beholders; eliciting admiration, pity, and scorn, from the several classes who gaze upon the wretched mummeries of that sage body the freemasons, the strange fancies of the friendly brothers, and the imitations of these holiday fools by the lower orders, who, upon certain days of festival, are seen parading through towns and cities, knotted over with coloured cockades, and following banners and bands of music.

Some gentlemen find the summit of happiness in short whist, a bottle of St. Perey, or a *pie a la financiere*, prepared by the celebrated Ude, which, as that erudite artist is wont to say, requires a genius for the com-

position of the forced-meat alone. And some ladies are exalted to the seventh heaven by a new robe from Paris, an opera box, the last set of quadrilles, a parrot, a lap-dog, or a monkey. The glories of old China are at an end, and India sales no longer attract the whole court eastward, and tempt *belles* of quality to ruin themselves and their husbands in vying with each other for nodding mandarins and squab divinities. A slight remnant of the ancient emulation might be seen at the sale of the late Duke of York's effects; but the fashionable world is grown too populous to allow one fancy to engross all their attention: it is not reckoned good taste to be enthusiastic upon any occasion; indifference is the order of the day; and the leaders of ton, instead of finding pleasure as in former times in displaying themselves to the public gaze, are happy only in being select, exclusive, and adhering religiously to their own particular set.

Perhaps the highest degree of happiness enjoyed by the human race is that of despising each other; a source of enjoyment which is nearly universal—alike the characteristic of the most civilized state of society, and of the rudest barbarism, the chief pleasure of the refined European courtier, and of the wild American savage. Whole nations feel a pride and joy in despising their neighbours, who, in turn, view them with eyes of scorn; and individuals are never so happy as when they can look down with contempt upon those persons who are not so fortunate as to possess some real or fancied advantage which they have been lucky enough to obtain. The comfort and elegance of a large establishment, a splendid table, and a magnificent equipage, howsoever conducive to personal gratification, owe their chief claim to the privilege which they give their owner of disparaging those people whose houses are smaller, and whose expenditure is less profuse. Nobody in these days likes to visit at places where the company, to use a common and a vulgar phrase, is mixed;

that is, where individuals of small fortune and of no fashionable celebrity are admitted. A ball at a watering-place loses its attraction if it be open to all the frequenters of the baths, or of the spa, who are eligible candidates for admission. To give satisfaction it must be confined to a certain few. The elegance of the decorations, the splendour of the supper, the excellence of the music, cannot be enjoyed, cannot be appreciated, if of easy access to every body; and dulness is preferred to gaiety when thin rooms are occasioned by a severe system of exclusion, which enables the yawning assembly to feel the proud consciousness of triumphing over their next door neighbours. It is a strange propensity, but one which seems to be increasing daily; disdainfulness is the mark of distinction, the envied and gratifying privilege of the rich and great; and people are estimated according to their right and title to be rude and impatient; the pride and happiness of all classes consisting in holding themselves aloof from those whom they are pleased to style their inferiors.

When strangers meet at dinner-parties, though at the house of a mutual friend, who should be supposed to invite none save admissible guests, they scan each other from head to foot before they venture to engage in the most trivial conversation. The disgrace of arriving in a hack carriage is sufficient to exclude the delinquent from notice: people try to catch each other's names; and the inquiry—"related to such a family?" if answered in the negative, is fatal to the unfortunate who is called a Howard, a Russell, or a Cavendish, without belonging to the illustrious house of Norfolk, of Bedford, or of Devonshire; and so, downwards, to a Baronet, or even a distinguished commoner. The Moores, of Moore Hall, will give consequence to the most distant branches of the race. Simple Mr. Smith, if he can boast of a relationship to the Whyte-Smiths, or the Black-Smiths, assumes a dignity immediately, and is entitled to give

himself airs above people of no family. The dress of the parties next undergoes a strict investigation, in order, if the rank be doubtful, to ascertain the extent of the property; and here the ladies are the keenest critics. An experienced dowager, herself arrayed in all the glories of Chantilly lace, Indian cachemires, and diamonds of the first water, will detect at a glance mock *blond*, Norwich shawls, or any other contrivance which a slender purse may suggest, and treat the wearer accordingly. The younger part of the company are also often seen to eye each other's robes; and the *belle* of the French *tulle* will exult in her conscious superiority over the nymph of the plain muslin. Thus runs the world away; and though it may be said that there can be no true and legitimate source of happiness in circumstances and things which appeal only to the bad feelings of the mind, experience proves that poor degraded human nature is but too prone to take delight in that which reason, religion, and morality alike forbid. There are hundreds of very good sort of people who find their chief gratification in some petty triumph, or some mean elevation, though perhaps they will not confess, even to themselves, the secret cause of their satisfaction. A combination of rare intellectual qualities is necessary to produce a relish for the beauties of science and the charms of nature, those untiring pleasures which, comparatively speaking, are enjoyed by few. To persons who are interested in the progress of the useful arts, or who, enamoured of earth's fair creations, "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing," the fiend *ennui*, that bane of human happiness, is unknown; but these comprise only a small portion of the community. The bulk of the world are compelled to resort to less intellectual methods of filling up their spare time agreeably; and human ingenuity has never been so conspicuously displayed as in the thousand

small enjoyments contrived to please persons of ordinary minds. In the country these unfortunates, if of the male sex, are frequently reduced to the poor expedient of lounging about the market-place of the next provincial town, lolling over the counter of a milliner's shop, or playing at cards or backgammon; and it is astonishing with what persevering assiduity these employments are followed up, the length of time which a man will consume in slapping his boot with his cane, and the number of successive hours and days, which, without the stimulating excitement of a high stake, can be spent over a mere game of chance. Ladies, under the same circumstance, pay gossiping visits, flourish upon canvass, work interminable borders upon muslin, or erect edifices even more extraordinary than the works of modern architecture, with card board and gilt paper; and both sexes, if capable of relishing the admirable qualities of the great mass of modern literature, may still be accommodated with novels to suit their tastes and intellects.

It had been long matter of astonishment that, in an age in which books of mere amusement had assumed so high a character, there should still be so many of the lowest class which find publishers, and what is still more wonderful, readers; but, during a visit in the country, a short conversation, produced by a wet day, a slight head-ache, and the corner of a novel peeping out of an old lady's work-basket, solved the mystery. The book which, in consequence of inability to take exercise, and to fly to the pen for employment, had been borrowed to beguile a vacant hour, turned out to be a romance manufactured after the commonest receipt; plot, characters, and style, being all equally absurd and unintelligible. Compassionating the forlorn state of the dowager, compelled for want of a judicious guide to pore over such dull trash, the critic offered to mark in the catalogue of the neighbouring circulating library, works which would better repay the time bestow-

ed upon their perusal—a civility which was graciously and gracefully accepted. The task was soon ended; for the “Antiquary” appearing on the first page, the remark was elicited, that it would of course be unnecessary to point out the Waverley novels; and, to the surprise and horror of all present, the old lady begged that they might be omitted in her list, as, unable to get through the first volume of “Guy Mannerling,” she had been compelled to send it back. Miss Austen’s novels sustained the same contemptuous treatment from a reader who preferred the “Delicate Distresses,” and “Sentimental Involvements,” of the Minerva press, to her exquisite delineations of life and manners.

The inhabitants of the metropolis, of the same mental rank, possess a decided advantage over their country friends: there are almost numberless places of public amusement; and, to some of the denizens of London, perfect happiness is afforded by the variety of the entertainments which invite their wondering gaze; while others derive all their enjoyment from their constant attendance at one favourite haunt. Persons exist who never, by any chance, miss the Sunday promenade in Hyde Park—who pique themselves upon being acquainted with every carriage and every individual of note, merely by dint of continual observation. The theatres afford an untiring resort to other worthies of this class: they are to be seen nightly in some particular row in the pit, or in some snug corner of a peculiar box; and the power of boasting that they have been present at the representation of “Love in a Village,” no fewer than two hundred and fifty times, and have witnessed the performance of forty ladies in the character of Rosetta, constitutes their happiness. They count up the Macbeths, the Hamlets, the Richards and the Belvideras in the same manner; the number, and not the merits, of the different actors being treasured up in their memories. People who possess very little musi-

cal taste have a similar enjoyment at the King’s Theatre, in observing the changes which occur in the run of one opera, the transits of the stars, and even in the enumeration of the several pirouettes executed by the *prima donna* of a popular ballet in the course of her reign. These sapient personages will tell you, although they did not find it out at the time, that they were present when Cooke and Kemble, as Stukely and Beverley, played their last scene in the Gamester first; and, *vice versa*, when the character of Faulkland, in the Rivals, was altogether omitted. They take great credit upon having been in attendance on the nights in which the two madmen attempted to shoot George III., and Miss Fanny Kelly; will tell you the whole rise and progress, decline and fall, of the O. P. war; and are quite *au fait* in the catalogue of all the accidents, sudden illnesses, and managerial speeches which have taken place upon the stage within their remembrance.

The English nation were always proverbial for their love of sight-seeing; and the rage for extraordinary novelties, satirized by Shakspeare, and ridiculed by the wits who projected the hoax of the bottle conjurer, remains unabated. It is amazing how much bodily and mental fatigue, and what wear and tear of clothes and constitution, his Britannic Majesty’s lieges will undergo to gratify their passion for spectacle, whether it be the body of a royal prince lying in state, or the counterfeit death of a Java sparrow. East, west, north, and south—to every corner of this vast metropolis—do the indefatigable lovers of exhibitions post: new buildings and old buildings, dead anatomies and living skeletons, moving automaton and real Chinese ladies, infant wonders and reverend sages, dwarfs, giants, and monsters of all kinds, wild beasts and learned pigs, are the rage and idols of the day. Pictures attract multitudes of people who have neither taste nor understanding for the art; and the

British Museum is filled with company who see nothing to admire except the few miserable stuffed animals which are its disgrace; while public lectures are supported by the mere idlers, who stroll in just to say that they have heard the whole course given by the celebrated Mr. ———. Thousands flock to an execution, and Cato Street and Gill's Hill drew the whole population of London who could command any sort of convey-

ance to those scenes of treason and murder. Wanstead House and Font-hill were equally attractive; and those who stay away from any of these places, either from choice or necessity, find a pleasure and pride in saying that they did *not* see them, in fact that they never go any where, that sights bore them, occupy too much of their time, and are altogether not in good taste.

HUBBA.

BY H. T. CARRINGTON.

He (Oddune, Earl of Devon), made a sudden sally on the Danes, put them to rout, pursued them with great slaughter, killed Hubba himself, and got possession of the famous Reafan, or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven, which had been inwoven by the three sisters of Henguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations.—HUME.

SPRING 'woke the world, but with the vernal day
Came the deep voice of death upon the gales!
Sweet broke the blushing morning, but the ray
Cheered not thy desolated pastures, Wales!
Where now the minstrel's song, the harper's lay,
That rang so merrily amid thy vales!
Alas! in bower and hall is silence dead—
Thy sons, the free, the brave, are numbered with the dead!

Despair and ruin to the shrieking land!
Thy bold and beautiful upon their bier!
Thy temples smoking 'neath the invader's brand!
Thy infants writhing on the hostile spear!
And shall not vengeance blast the murderous band?
And retribution fall with doom severe?
Shall Jove's high thunder sleep, when to his throne
Swift from the suffering earth the voice of blood hath flown?

It slept not, though the victor's flag on high
Triumphant fluttered o'er the bending mast—
It slept not, though the favouring sea-gales fly,
And Denmark gave its canvass to the blast!
Devonia spreads her fertile vallies nigh—
There speed and find all Ocean-perils past,
The strong sure hand of Justice! Lo, the doom
Of Tyranny is sealed—Destruction and the tomb!

Immortal Benwith! wild the Reafan streamed
Around thy walls! and wild the savage crew
Sent up their war-cry, as the morning beamed!
While deeper still the shout of battle grew—
Till the last ray of welcome evening gleamed,
And the fierce Pagan sullenly withdrew;
As Night o'er all resumed her ancient reign,
Mantling both friend and foe—the dying and the slain!

Again the morning ray, again the fight—
The storm—the brave repulse—the iron showers,
That from the leaguered battlements alight
In terror on the Danes! On Kenwith's towers
Floated Danmonium's banner, waving light
In the free gale that fanned her myrtle bowers;
And floating o'er the walls at evening's close,
Beneath its glorious folds the English bands repose.

Short pause before the tempest ! Ere the beam
Of morning gilt the English banners brave,
From Kenwith's gates burst forth the human stream,
And on the foe rolled deep the living wave,
Resistless !—Let the Northern raven scream,
And Odin now his magic standard save—
For hark ! the firm Dannonii, with one breath,
Shout through the ensanguined field —“ Or liberty, or death !”

Down sank the raven—down his crime-stained lord !
Swift fled from that red field his savage band !
He slept—the man of blood—whose ruthless sword
“ Made women childless !”—slept upon the strand,
In his wild, fearful grave (that chief abhorred) ;
Where, as triumphing to the rescued land,
E'en now the great sea-billow, dark and deep,
Urged by the howling winds, o'er Denmark's hero sweep.

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

WE mean no disrespect to the fair-sex when we affirm, that however select women may be in the choice of their lovers or husbands, for the purposes of conversation, at least, they almost invariably prefer the society of a fool to that of a man of sense and intelligence. Let any knight-errant, who may be disposed to question the correctness of this apophthegm, only look round among his acquaintance for the happy wight who is the universal favourite of the ladies, and if he be not, in nine cases out of ten, a nincompoop of the first water, we will be content to be denounced as a false prophet, from this time forth for evermore. It forms no part of our object to attempt to account for this strange anomaly ; it is quite enough for us that it really exists. A brief description of the kind of person who usually wins his way to ladies' good graces with the greatest facility may, however, tend in some degree to unravel the mystery.

The Squire of Dames is commonly a pert, pragmatistical coxcomb, of from twenty to thirty years of age, who is not wholly unacquainted with fashionable society, but who has scarcely seen enough of it to acquire the polish of a perfect gentleman. In size he is rather diminutive, never exceeding the height of five feet eight inches, and seldom attaining to more than five feet five. If he has a smooth chin, light hair, and blue eyes, he is

the more likely to be a genuine specimen ; although we confess we have occasionally met with animals of this genus with beards as black, and mustachios as luxuriant, as those of the celebrated Baron Geramb. Your true Squire of Dames generally carries a Werter-like expression of mock-sublimity in his countenance, which now and then assumes an appearance of the most ludicrous self-importance. He dresses in the pick of the fashion, taking care to be particularly curious in his pantaloons and hose. He wears a profusion of rings and seals ; which latter are suspended to his watch by a small gold chain of exquisite texture and workmanship. Immediately upon entering a room, he stalks up to the lady of the house ; and having paid his compliments to her, pleads the privilege of his order to seat himself by her side. He then begins, in an extremely confidential tone of voice, to unburthen his memory of all the small scandal he has managed to collect since his last visit. Having made his impression upon *Madame*, he glides away to another part of the room ; and gathering a cluster of female favourites about him, proceeds to reply to their interrogatories with laudable patience, and imperturbable good-humour. “ Have you brought me the bread-seals you promised me, Mr. Lack-a-day ?” “ Where are the autographs you were to have sent

me weeks ago?" "Do, there's a good creature, get me the 'Key to Almack's'; I am dying to obtain it!" "Have you been to Kew gardens, for the anemone specimen you so kindly volunteered to procure for Celestina? she cannot finish her botanical drawing without it." These queries, all propounded in rapid succession, are all as speedily and satisfactorily answered. The Squire of Dames turns a glance of pity on the poor male outcasts who are biting their nails in the distance; and blessing his stars that he is so much more fortunate than they, squeezes himself between the Misses Simperwell, on a conversation-chair designed for only two persons, and begins to address them with all the familiarity of an old and privileged acquaintance. He has a glib tongue, and an admirable assortment of finical common-places, with which he cannonades his fair hearers until dinner is announced. No sooner does the footman enter with the welcome information, than he skips up to the lady of the house, and whilst the modest and sensible portion of her gentlemen-guests are debating who shall have the honour of conducting her to the *salle-a-manger*, the Squire of Dames leads her off in triumph. During dinner, he whispers a thousand shallow imperfections in her ear; and usually asks her to take wine with him before the soup is well removed, in order that he may anticipate every one else in that pleasure. If there be any one performance in which the Squire of Dames is completely *au fait*, it is in dissecting a fowl. This task he accomplishes with geometrical precision; taking care, at the same time, to display a hand of almost feminine whiteness, and a massive gold ring, to which some "strange eventful history" is sure to be attached: indeed there is scarcely any thing that belongs to him which has not been acquired under some very remarkable circumstance or other. Ten to one but the cloth of which his coat is manufactured, is a part of the identical piece which was woven as a

present to his Majesty. His trinkets are from all imaginable places in the known world: one seal was given him by Marshal Soult; another is supposed to have belonged to the Queen of Etruria; whilst his chain was originally the property of a Knight of Malta. Of course he has a musical snuff-box, the mechanism of which differs essentially from that of musical snuff-boxes in general. For each and every of these rarities he has had splendid pecuniary offers; but being a connoisseur in such matters, has declined them all. Among his other acquirements, he has imbibed, during his occasional visits to Paris, not only an ardent love for, but a tolerable knowledge of, French cookery; and whilst his neighbours are afraid to commend their fair hostess's foreign dishes, for fear of blundering in their nomenclature, our "pretty fellow," as Congreve would say, expatiates with amazing *gusto* on her *cotelets a-la-Maintenon*, which he considers superb; unrivalled, in short, by any thing, save the magnificent dish he has just been discussing. In tarts and confections, he is particularly erudite; but of a plum-pudding (even with the aid of his glass), he can make literally nothing. If requested to apportion one, he appears panic-struck, and endeavours to excuse himself, with many grimaces, on the plea of inexperience. His friends may believe him or not, but 'pon his honour, it had never been his lot even to behold the dish commonly entitled plum-pudding but once, and then his imagination was occupied during an entire hour in attempting to divine what manner of thing it was. He does not deny that he has more than once heard talk of it; but on what occasion he must be excused from declaring. Of the taste of that herbaceous beverage, known extensively by the name of "porter," he is profoundly ignorant, and desires ever to remain so: it has been distantly hinted to him, that it is a poisonous mixture, absorbed in copious quantities by plebeians of the lowest stamp; but

known scarcely by name to persons of "honour and condition about town." His own staple beverage during dinner is spring-water, enlivened with a slight dash of Madeira, and this he sips only in very limited quantities. Cheese he detests, as religiously as an Israelite abhors pork, or a Mussulman wine; and so long as it remains on the table, he has continual recourse to his scent-box, which he applies to his nose under cover of his cambric pocket-handkerchief. When the cloth is drawn, and the dessert is placed upon the table, our Ladies' Man's services are in pressing request: he can peel an apple or an orange without breaking the rind, or touching the fruit with his fingers; a feat which few men at the same table are competent to perform. These exploits he accomplishes again and again, and always with the same success. Whilst the process is in course, he amuses the fair-ones in his vicinity with an account of the ladies' dresses at the last drawing-room; which he has learned by rote from "The Morning Post," and which he repeats as if from his own observation. When the ladies retire, he is always on the alert to open the door for them, and to utter a trumpery common-place expression of his pain at parting with them so soon! Some regret he may be allowed to feel on the occasion; for from the moment that his patronesses leave him, he sinks into total insignificance; and having sipped a few glasses of moselle, and eaten sundry almonds and raisins, he takes an early opportunity of stealing to the *coterie* in the drawing-room, where he employs the interval between his *entré* and the announcement of coffee, in looking over albums, and discoursing of poetry and poets. He prefers Hurd to Cowper, and Moore to Byron; and this preference he does not scruple to avow, although, in fairness to the million, he admits the possibility of his being in error. The two poems which he considers the sweetest in the English language are, a song from "The Stranger,"—

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart,—

and a piece called "The Sigh," beginning—

Humid seal of soft affection—

Both these gems he carries about with him in his pocket-book. When the gentlemen are summoned into the drawing-room, he takes his seat on a sofa, amid a cluster of bright faces, for the purpose of exciting universal envy. At the moment they make their *entré*, he raises his voice to an unusual pitch, and addresses the prettiest woman of the party, for the purpose of shewing how far he has it in his power to engage her attention. If his civilities amount to positive impertinence, he is readily excused by his fair friends—"It is his way!" "He is so eccentric!" and, in fact, quite a "privileged character." Backed by his guardian angels, he will venture to dissent from persons, to whom, under other circumstances, he would not dare to utter a syllable. In all cases in which the conduct of man and wife is called in question, he makes it an absolute rule to side with the weaker party: of course he uniformly avowed his opinion of the innocence of Queen Caroline, so long as her name continued to be mentioned in decent society. On the wrongs of Lady Byron he is always extremely fervent, and can relate many anecdotes of her Lord's brutality towards her which have never appeared in print, but which he professes to have obtained from unquestionable authority. He reprobates those usages of society which condemn woman to a state of continual servitude and dependence; and regrets that men do not divide their influence with them in an equal degree. He thinks, with more than one philosopher of the day, that ladies ought to sit in parliament, preside upon the bench, and hold church preferment! As the law is at present constituted, they are, he contends, in point of fact, nothing more than mere "breeding machines." He agrees with Mr. Briscoe, that they ought never to be subjected to

the punishment of the tread-mill. He has signed no less than a dozen petitions, explanatory of his sentiments upon this point ; but, as he justly remarks, " Burke was quite in the right, when he declared that ' the age of chivalry was no more.' " In all these sentiments the ladies, of course, concur *viva voce* ; and admiring the glibness with which he gets through his oft-played part, they vote him a " marvellous proper man " for his pains. The gentlemen of the company, actuated by a feeling of gallantry, and a desire to avoid being on the unpopular side of the question, are often compelled to admit the justice of some of his positions, very much against their inclination.

It must be confessed that our Squire of Dames is often at very considerable pains to please the ladies. His assignations are numerous, but all of an extremely harmless character. His pocket-book is filled with entries of engagements with the fair-sex. One female friend he has undertaken to escort to the British Gallery ; another he has pledged himself to row up to Richmond ; for a third he has two songs, with their music, to transcribe ; for the album of a fourth, he has agreed to prevail upon various small poets to write verses ; for a fifth, he promises to procure a supply of crow-quills ; the portrait of a sixth he is to have introduced (through his intercession with his friend Baylis), in the ensuing number of " La Belle Assemblée ; " and many others are on his books, for similar favors, who will, no doubt, be attended to in due season. Who is not prepared to pardon the amiable weakness which seduces

the sex into a *penchant* for a person so entirely devoted to their service !

One more characteristic, and we have done. The Christian name of the Squire of Dames is generally, if neither Henry, Albert, nor Augustus, one of equally melodious sound. Sometimes it is an Anglo-Italian appellative, such as we are accustomed to meet with in the novels of the Minerva press ; at others, it is compounded of such surnames as Belmour, Neville, Percy, Desmond, Greville, &c. It matters little what it is, provided it be liquid and gentle-sounding.

There is one other trait in the character of the Squire of Dames, which we must on no account omit to mention. He is somewhat consumptive, like poor Kirke White, from the intensity of his literary studies. This disease is attended with its usual concomitant, a hectic cough, which often excites the tender sympathy of his female acquaintance ; especially when he talks, which he often does, of journeying to the south of France, for the restoration of his health. However, in spite of his sufferings, he usually contrives to outlive all his acquaintance. A worthy friend of mine, who held out great promise of dying *a-la-Kirke White*, gave up the ghost a few weeks ago, in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by excessive eating and drinking : of course he would have been a great deal too fat for his vocation long before he died. Such cases are, however, of very unfrequent occurrence : corpulence and sentimentality are, for the most part, incompatible with each other. But there is no rule without an exception.

THE BRIDE ELECT.

AT length the *desideratum* of Lady Barton's existence for these few last years, is on the eve of being attained. Whether it be the effect of her management, or her daughter's, or the union of both, or the fate of

which old women are liable to talk most sapiently—the first-born flower of the shades of Barton is about to be transplanted to another scene, and to decorate other happy " enamelled plains," and well-kept parks.

In plain matter-of-fact prose, she is on the very point of accomplishing matrimony.

The man—but that is a very secondary consideration—his house, his establishment, his rent-roll, his style, his connexion—these are the points most eagerly marked in the inventory of his qualifications. Mr. Lennox is, sooth to say, plain—ugly perhaps—dull—heavy!—a frequenter of stables and dog-kennels;—just standing on the outward boundary that describes the demesne of folly—not completely a fool, although not wholly dissimilar. But then he is the proprietor of a fine mansion—an unencumbered estate—a funded property not contemptible: moreover, a lover of the dashing; falling easily into the lady-like longings of his bride for new carriages, new furniture, new liveries, and sundry other inestimables, which constitute the real value of existence. He became notorious, also, a few seasons since, for his public devotion to a celebrated woman of rank, and acquired a fashionable reputation on the strength of it. I must avow that I have been somewhat embarrassed by my endeavours to reconcile this marked shade in the *morale* of his character, with Miss Barton's previous and asserted fastidiousness. Hitherto she has, at best, played Mrs. Candour, even in her comments on the errors of the other sex. That a woman who values her pretensions so highly, can overlook so flagrant a violation of the dearest sanctions of life, or that any mother can encourage the unwise charity, is to me scarcely conceivable. How little this guilty world retains, in opposition to its interest, indignation at the crimes of its votaries!—how soon man's faults are forgotten when he dares defy anger, and deride censure! Mr. Lennox lost neither his birth nor his fortune when he gained his notoriety; and Lady Barton, like thousands of other mothers, considers any care for a child, beyond her suitable *establishment*, quite supererogatory.

Miss Barton is playing *fascinating*

in a style that denotes her an accomplished pupil of a most able school. Now, fascinating manners, as far as I could ever understand the term, as used by the men, describe those manners which are adopted for the express purpose of obtaining their suffrage; and their admiration is, in fact, but a debt of gratitude. Fascination consists, for the most part, in a bent neck, and an eye turned playfully towards the intended victim, and a mouth set to a smile—and an arch or tender expression, as may suit the occasion. Accordingly as the man is inclined to *allegro* or *penseroso*, there is a frequent laugh or smile, as interminable as matrimony, or a Chancery suit. In short, fascinating manners, in the generally received acceptation of the term, are precisely those which I would have my wife, sister, or child, avoid, as they would shun “plague, pestilence, and famine.”

I enjoy the invaluable privilege, often accorded to quiet old bachelors of my standing—that of being considered *nobody*. The ladies never deem it necessary to suspend their discussions, because I happen to be sitting in a retired nook of the apartment, with a large volume of black-letter lore in my hand. I must confess, my attention in such a position is, however, chiefly engrossed by the living page of female character, so unsuspectingly submitted to my observation. There really is a most striking addition of self-complacency and importance in the demeanor of Miss Barton. She talks of her wedding-gown in epic, and gives direction for her wedding-cake in blank verse. She is alive to all the dignity of her situation, and tremblingly susceptible of the smallest indication of its being forgotten by others. There is an assumption of majesty in her air, somewhat contradicted by the affectation of a downcast eye, imploring you to feel how bewitchingly interesting the fair creature is. I find the sentiment of my ancient friend, Sir Thomas Browne, constantly occurring to me: “Sure

there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument!" Miss Barton affects to leave all minor preparations for the celebration of this important event to the inferior actors, her mother and sisters. Occasionally she vouchsafes some sweeping observation, which involves in its censure or commendation, the labour, perhaps, of days; otherwise she is absorbed, she avers, in meditating upon the new and important duties in which the character of a wife will involve her. She seizes on every volume that falls in her way, containing directions for the conduct of new-married people. Jeremy Taylor's sermon, entitled "The Wedding-ring," is become the subject of her daily study; and as she reads aloud the passages which strike her most forcibly, they afford a tolerable clue to the direction in which her thoughts travel. She delivered the following paragraph, the other morning, with great emphasis, and exuberant admiration:—

"Adam says not—*the woman which thou gavest to me*:" no such thing; she is none of his goods, none of his possessions, not to be reckoned amongst his servants. God did not give her to him so; but—*the woman thou gavest to be with me*;—that is, to be my partner, the companion of my joys and sorrows; thou gavest her for use, not for dominion. The dominion of a man over his wife, is no other than as the soul rules the body, for which it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions; and very often is led by inclination and desires, and does never contradict its appetites, but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow. And its government comes only to this: it furnishes the body with light and understanding; and the body furnishes the soul with hands and feet: the soul governs because the body cannot else

be happy, but the government is no other than provision."

"That is to say," said Miss Barton, interrupting herself, "the real authority or government of the husband, consists in his having the power to furnish the wife with all such things as are essential to her comfort, her convenience, and the rank she holds in society. This, I believe, is what Bishop Taylor means to convey; and his authority is as incontrovertible as the fact is indisputable: do you not think so, mamma?"

"Exactly," replied Lady Barton, who did not choose to endanger her daughter's happy equanimity, by any useless contradiction. "It has occurred to me, my dear, that the whole family at the Rectory must be invited to breakfast."

"Impossible, my dearest mamma!" exclaimed Miss Barton, colouring with the vehemence of her feelings. "The Rector and his Wife will surely be sufficient, without enduring the whole of his wearisome tribe. If one asks the Lord Mayor to dine, I cannot see that it follows of course that one is to be bored with the whole Common Council."

"Very true, my dear; and I give you credit for the wit of that idea," returned Lady Barton, mildly. "Nevertheless, there are situations, you know, in which inclination must yield to prudence. Your good sense will perceive the policy of extending the invitation to the whole family; because, I am sorry to say, Sir James makes quite a point of it; and may possibly limit his generosity, if opposed."

"Provoking!" said Miss Barton, petulantly. "I consider it extremely hard that, at this critical juncture of my life, I am to be constantly thwarted and annoyed!"

But why pursue the labyrinth of evils and perplexities, which a bride-elect loves to thread?—why detail all that is to be endured from narrow-minded papas, perverse milliners, expensive jewellers, and awkward tire-women? Why enumerate the whim and caprice which, to adopt

Corporal Trim's phraseology, "orders here, countermands there?" It is the first hand at a game in which the lady seems to hold no court-cards, and despairs of the odd trick. It is almost as difficult to escape what is to be avoided, as to secure what is coveted. A whole generation of unrepresentable kinsfolk hear the intelligence of the approaching nuptials; and a flood of congratulatory letters from them nearly inundates her faculties, and overwhelms every amiability of temper. It is so well understood, that all these friendly participators in her felicitous prospects expect also to be invited to witness their realization; and are, probably, even then preparing the necessary paraphernalia, that shall render their equipment no disgrace or mortification to their more fashionable relative. Poor Miss Barton is severely tried in this way. There is a whole host of the Mugginses and Higginses of this world, reminding her of their existence and affinity; and hinting at their hope of a greater intimacy being maintained between them and the family of Lennox-House, than they have hitherto enjoyed with the inhabitants of Barton-Hall. Then the dates afford a list of such unnameable places, beyond even the limits of Russell-square, with whose topography, as a celebrated character has observed, very few persons of decency can be supposed to be acquainted. And the seals!—No armorial bearing—no crests!—"the posies of a cutler's knife," perhaps, or "initials"—or "Sophy;" or something denoting half the signature, within. In two or three instances, these unfortunate letters have, indeed, elicited an exclamation of horror from Lady Barton herself; and a shriek—an absolute shriek of dismay, from her more indignant daughter. The wax never flamed for them—their security has been preserved by that unpardonable offender against all elegance—a wafer! The bride elect recovers her composure only by the resolution

of purging the unhappy manuscripts by the ordeal of fire, and vouchsafing no communication with the Goths who have penned them. Lady Barton heartily concurs in her daughter's resolutions; and I do not doubt that the butler would have received instructions to commit the offending missiles to the flames before they entered the drawing-room, if her ladyship's knowledge of human nature had not led her to calculate on the possibility of the man's indulging his curiosity by a previous inspection.

The approaching union affords as much occupation to Sir James, as to the female part of his family. There is a constant reciprocation of visits between him and his lawyer. The rough drafts of the settlements are continually receiving additions and alterations, to render "assurance doubly sure." Every precaution is taken against the possible villany of the man to whom his daughter is about to consign herself; and she is furnished with an impregnable armour against any attacks of ill-humour or disobligingness on his part, by the certainty of a handsome independent income. This stipulation was a *sine qua non* with the young lady herself, which sufficiently testifies her admirable prudence.

Mr. Lennox also has a legal adviser, dictating his measures, and scrupulously examining all that is done by the other party. Each thinks his own caution the best security for the integrity of the other. In a word, I should say—here are abundant preparations for future hostilities, but very little effort to maintain that unbroken partnership of interests which should mark this closest of all unions.

After all, I am aware that there is nothing extraordinary in these things. The drama at present performing in Barton-Hall is but a fac-simile of what is constantly occurring amongst persons of a certain rank in life; nay, extending, in a suitable degree, through every grade of society—even to the cottage of the labourer.

REMARKS ON THE CASE OF WAKEFIELD.

An account of the trial of the Wakefields for the abduction of Miss Turner, has appeared in most of our newspapers. This case has excited greater interest, both in Great Britain and in this country, than any within our remembrance; and we republish the following article, as peculiarly interesting, on account of the information it contains relating to the laws respecting marriage in Scotland, and its application of these laws to this case.

FEW cases have been made the subject of so much discussion before trial, as that of Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Helen Turner. The story as first announced was so marvellous—the details of it were so unprecedented, and the series of coincidences requisite to give effect to it were so much out of ordinary calculation, that if submitted to the public in the form of a romance, it would have been thought too extravagant.—Such a story in real life, therefore, could not fail to attract attention, and the result of a plot, by which a young lady of fortune had been imposed upon, run away with, and deceived into marriage, was of course watched with anxiety, especially by those to whom every thing connected with elopement and marriage has the highest charms of interest. Extensive and audacious forgeries—daring robberies and burglaries—shocking details of barbarous murders, all lost their relish, and the most heart-rending accounts of occurrences, whereby numbers of human beings perished, and which, at any other time, would have been honoured with a proper share of attention, passed unnoticed, or were instantly forgotten. Such was the hold which the affair of Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner had taken of the minds of those who devote themselves to the study of the accidents and offences of the day. For one whole year the greatest pains seem to have been taken to keep that feeling alive. At length public curiosity has been in a great degree gratified.—The Wakefields have been tried and convicted, and of course they are to be punished as their offences merit.

Notwithstanding the curiosity ex-

cited by this case, it does not seem to be one in which the interests of the community are very materially or permanently concerned; not that the offence for which Wakefield was tried is a trivial one, or that the community is not interested in repressing it, but that the very circumstances which rendered this case singularly attractive and curious, diminish its real importance to the permanent interests of society. The laws of England are not in their infancy, but they never had occasion to take cognizance of a case like this, and we may safely predict, that centuries will elapse before any case, similar in its circumstances, can again occur. Every age does not produce such a Quixote as Mr. Wakefield, nor is every heiress, especially if she is a “clever” girl, and “well educated,” so credulous as to believe any cock-and-a-bull story told to her by an utter stranger—a man of whom she had never seen or heard anything before; or so courageous as to put herself under the charge of such a stranger, and set out with him on a journey, scarcely knowing where; or, above all, so exceeding pliable as in a few hours to consent to marry him, on the strength of his mere statement as to her father’s wishes, and the situation of her father’s affairs. But how many ages may elapse before such a Quixote, if he does exist, shall stumble on such an heiress, if there be such a one, and even then, how many thousand chances to one are there against the completion of the scheme. In short, in all human probability, such a case will never again occur. Mr. Wakefield was guilty not only of a shameful deception, but of a criminal act. The perfection of the law in its

power to reach the rarest case, has been made manifest in his conviction. It is not likely to be again put to the test under similar circumstances.

Although this case was so singular, and attracted so much attention, the most confused and inaccurate notions of it seem to pervade all classes, especially in regard to the trial and its supposed effects. Indeed, few people seem to know wherein the crime consisted, or what it was that Wakefield was tried for. Some think the trial was in regard to the validity of the marriage—others, more knowing, think that the trial was for a different offence from mere matrimony, and that the validity of the marriage was only a collateral question, the fate of which necessarily depended on the verdict acquitting or convicting Wakefield. And not a few think that the legal guilt, as well as moral wrong, consisted in the deception practised on the credulity of Miss Turner. The abduction—the deception, and the irregular marriage at Gretna Green are all huddled together, and a considerable share of the odium justly excited by Mr. Wakefield's conduct, has been directed against the law of Scotland in regard to marriage. Nor is it surprising that such notions should prevail among persons who had no opportunity of witnessing the trial, for even those who had that opportunity do not seem to have carried away the most distinct impressions, if we may judge from the accounts they have given to the public.

This may perhaps be in some measure ascribed to the confusion of ideas created by a proceeding which seems actually to have taken place in the midst of Mr. Wakefield's trial; we mean a sort of separate incidental trial as to the validity of the marriage. That incidental question, however, was not raised as affording a defence against the charge for which Mr. Wakefield was on trial. On the contrary, it rather imported an admission of the offence, but it was a circumstance relied on merely as

affording a supposed objection to the admissibility of one of the witnesses, Miss Turner. How that question came to be tried after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given, or indeed to be tried at all, does appear to the uninitiated rather strange—there are mysteries in the law, and this may be one of them; but the unlearned would suppose that when an objection was stated to the admissibility of a witness on the ground that she was the wife of the accused, the first thing to be determined was, whether the circumstance of her being the wife of the accused, would really be a good objection in law to her admissibility. If that circumstance would not be a good objection in law, as seems to have been decided here, then there was no occasion for going further—all inquiry as to whether she was or was not the wife of the accused, was unnecessary and useless. If the circumstance would constitute a good objection in law, the party making the objection was entitled to the benefit of it, and, in that case, to delay consideration of the objection till the evidence it was calculated to exclude should first be taken, seems to be pretty much the same thing in effect as overruling the objection. We do not say that this is law, quite the contrary; for we observe that a different course was followed at the trial. The objection was stated, but not disposed of—the witness objected to was then fully examined—evidence was next taken of the fact on which the objection to her admissibility was rested, and then it was decided that the fact, though proved, would not be of any consequence, or constitute any objection. But all this, though it is of course correct and clear in law, had the effect of creating much confusion in the minds of those who were not lawyers, and who, not unnaturally, supposed that the validity of the marriage was a part of the case, when they found the evidence upon that point led in the course of the defence, after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given.

If any of our readers have fallen into this mistake, they will now understand, that the validity of the marriage had nothing to do with the question of Mr. Wakefield's guilt or innocence of the offence for which he was tried. His guilt consisted in things quite apart from any consideration as to the validity of the marriage. The offence for which he was tried, was in fact committed before the marriage was contracted, before the parties got to Scotland, and the marriage, wherever, or by whomsoever celebrated, or however valid, could not wipe away his guilt of that offence. On the other hand, the validity of the marriage is in no respect determined by the verdict against Mr. Wakefield on the indictment.

Again, Mr. Wakefield's guilt in law did not consist in writing the false letter to Miss Dalby, whereby that lady was induced to send Miss Turner away from school under charge of Mr. Wakefield's servant—nor in the false representation made to Miss Turner as to the state of her father's affairs, whereby she was induced first to accompany Mr. Wakefield in his carriage, and afterwards to consent to marry him. In a moral point of view these things were bad—very bad—they were perhaps the worst part of his conduct—but his guilt in law was independent of any of them, except in so far as they were the engines used by him in the perpetration of the offence. Some young people, especially in Scotland, may not have heard of an English statute, whereby an heiress under 16 is restrained from marrying against her father's will, and whereby any lover who should be so passionate as to elope with her, would be guilty of a serious offence, for it seems that "it is no legal excuse for this offence that the defendant being related to the lady's father and frequently invited to the house, made use of no other seduction than the common blandishments of a lover to induce

the lady secretly to elope and marry him, if it appear that the father intended to marry her to another person, and so that the taking was against his consent."* If Mr. Wakefield had written no letter—had made no false statement—had been no stranger to Miss Turner—had obtained her full consent before she left the school—if she had even thrown herself into his arms from her love for him, and her desire to escape a union projected by her father, but repugnant to her inclinations, it seems he would have been guilty of an offence, and amenable to punishment by the law of England. He was tried and convicted on a charge for a conspiracy to carry off an heiress, and marry her without her father's consent and against the statute, not by force or intimidation, for on that count of the indictment he was acquitted.

With all this the law of Scotland, in regard to marriage, had nothing to do, except in so far as the obstacles to willing parties contracting marriages are fewer in Scotland than in England. In this point of view, the law of Scotland may have held out hopes of success, as affording facilities to Mr. Wakefield which he might not otherwise have had; but these must have been very remote, and can scarcely be supposed to have formed any part of his calculation. The offence itself was committed before he got to Scotland; and it would have made no difference where, or in what form, the marriage was celebrated.

Mr. Wakefield's guilt, which consisted in conspiring to carry off Miss Turner, and in accomplishing that object, being now ascertained without any reference to the law of Scotland, with which it really had nothing to do, and from which it ought to be carefully separated; there still remains an interesting question as to the validity of the marriage.—With *that* question the law of Scotland has much to do, for it is understood

* Russell on Crimes.

to be a rule of the law of England that a marriage is valid in England, if it was validly contracted according to the law of the country in which it was contracted.

We are aware that among our southern friends very erroneous notions prevail, relative to Scotch marriages, particularly marriages made at Gretna Green. They seem to think that there is some privilege of place or person, by which the performances of the veteran there are sanctified. And because his predecessor, who forged the chains of so many fugitive supplicants for his decrees of perpetual bondage, was a disciple of Vulcan; it seems to be thought that in Scotland there is some sort of alliance between the occupations of Clergymen and Blacksmiths, such as subsisted at no very distant period between those of Surgeons and Barbers. We wish to correct these erroneous notions, and to explain to our Southern friends, that in this respect Gretna Green has no privilege and no charm, except those which it derives from its proximity to England. Those who pass the border to escape the obstacles which the law of England has opposed to the lawful enjoyment of expected bliss, generally repair to the nearest spot at which their happiness can be consummated—hence the celebrity of Gretna Green; neither has the veteran minister of bliss there any privilege whatever, which does not belong to any other individual who happens for the time to be on the Scotch side of the border. The law of Scotland has prescribed certain ceremonials to be observed in the regular celebration of marriage,—the publication of banns and the benediction of a clergyman. But although a marriage made without these ceremonials is not *regular*, it is not on that account invalid. To make a *valid* marriage, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife: and evidence of that fact, either in writings in which

it is declared, or by witnesses before whom it has been declared. The Bishop of Gretna is a mere witness. The declaration might with equal effect be made in any other part of Scotland, and be witnessed by any other person. A mere promise of marriage, if followed by commixtion of bodies, makes a valid marriage in Scotland.

As to the wisdom of the law, which affords such facilities to marriage; and as to its moral effects on the people,—there may be differences of opinion. We, however, should not judge unfavourably of a system of law, which theoretically seems to oppose the most wholesome and effectual check to the rash and criminal indulgence of ardent passions, as well as to the cooler, but more criminal guilt of deliberate seduction—and under which, practically, morality seems to flourish more than under any other system. The advocates of that system of law, if forced to make comparisons, might hold it up in contrast with a system where the obstacles to marriage are an encouragement to the indulgence of illegitimate desire—where the multiplicity of requisites to the validity of marriage renders it doubtful whether the best intentioned and most virtuous couple are not unconsciously indulging in what the law shall one day, to the consternation and ruin of innocent persons, declare to have been an illicit intercourse—where the accomplished and heartless seducer may cast off the unfortunate victim of his treachery who had confided in his supposed honour and solemn pledge, or had been united to him with all the pomp and apparent formality of a supposed holy union, now set at nought on account of some minute error in the celebration of the rite, or perhaps on account of that very youthfulness, the charms whereof first attracted the betrayer, and which, at the same time, made her an easier prey to his arts.

Perhaps the system of Gretna Green marriages might with advantage be subjected to some legislative

modification, without affecting the law of Scotland, or the people who live under that law. Although the people of Scotland are entitled to retain their own laws while they live happily under them, there does not seem to be any good reason why those laws should operate as an annoyance to the people of England. It is a matter worthy of consideration, whether such marriages between natives of England, who have not resided a definite time in Scotland, should be recognized. Having thrown out this hint, we return from our digression and resume the case of Mr. Wakefield.

We have already said, that to make a valid marriage in Scotland, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife, and proper evidence of that fact. We understand it to be true, as a proposition in Scotch law, that marriage "is constituted by consent alone, by the *conjunctio animorum*, though the parties, after consent given, should, by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctio corporum*."* No person, we

believe, has ventured to question this proposition since the decisions in the cases of Gordon against Dalrymple, and of Walker against Macadam. Indeed, we should think it impossible for any person, be he lawyer or not, to read the judgment of Sir William Scott in the former of these cases, without giving his full assent to the above proposition.†

There may, in any case of irregular marriage, be a question whether there was a real intention to constitute at the time the relation of husband and wife, or whether the circumstances founded upon as indicating that intention, were not meant either as a cloak for the accomplishment of some other purpose, without any real intention of marriage, or as a mere promise or engagement to enter into marriage at some future period. That question must, like any other question of fact, be determined according to evidence. If the marriage was celebrated regularly, *in facie ecclesiæ*, by publication of banns, &c., the law would presume the intent to marry, and, probably, would not allow it to be disproved,—whereas, in the case of an irregular marriage, the inquiry would be

* Erskine.

† In most of the newspaper accounts of the trial of Wakefield, Mr. McNeill is reported to have said, that three of the present Judges of Scotland had sworn to their opinion of the nullity of the marriage. This is obviously a mistake on the part of the reporters, for none of the Scotch Judges could have given, still less sworn to, any opinion on that case, the facts of which never were before them. We understand, that the question put to the witness related to the opinions given by Lords Eldin, Gillies, and Alloway, when they were at the Bar, and were examined as witnesses in the case of Dalrymple, on the necessity of consummation to perfect the irregular marriage, and that the answer admitted these opinions to have been against that of the witness,—but explained, that they were also against the opinions of several gentlemen of equal respectability examined in that case, and some of whom also are now on the Bench, and against the decided cases and institutional writers as he understood them,—that these opinions were also contradicted by the decision in the cause in which they were given,—and that the decision of the Court of Session, in the case of Walker and Macadam, then under appeal, and which was treated in these opinions as a wrong decision, and of no authority, had been afterwards affirmed in the House of Lords. The only reported case we know of in which a marriage was set aside before consummation, where there was anything like evidence of an intent to marry, is the case of Cameron against Malcolm, in 1756. In that case the girl was just 12 years old, and her father was dead. The parties met in the same inn, and the ceremony was performed without any previous consent, while the mother happened to be out of the room. On her return, the mother instantly declared her dissent, "a sort of squabble ensued," and the mother immediately carried off her daughter. The Court, by a majority, annulled the marriage. Lord Kames, who reports the case, and who composed one of the majority, can find no grounds in law whereon to rest the judgment, but says, that "the Court, moved with indignation at so gross a wrong, gave the above-mentioned judgment upon *sentiment* rather than upon *principle*." This case has never been regarded as a legal precedent to be followed; and, accordingly, we observe that it was not even alluded to by Lords Eldin, Gillies, and Alloway, as an authority for their opinion in the case of Dalrymple.

allowed; but if the intent to marry should appear, the one marriage would be as valid as the other, though there should be no consummation.

Put the case of a man and woman, of mature age, going from England to Gretna Green for the purpose of contracting marriage, and there making a declaration of marriage before witnesses, with the full intent of constituting the relation of husband and wife,—then travelling into France, and there living together for some time in the character of man and wife, and in the perfect conviction that they were lawfully married; although these parties should, “by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctione corporum*,”*—though “it should be known and acknowledged that all their lives they did abstain,”† the marriage would still be as valid, in all respects, as if it had been celebrated in the most regular manner, by a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, or the highest dignitary of the Church of England. That there may be grounds for setting aside such a marriage, as there may be grounds for setting aside the most regularly solemnized marriage, is a separate matter; but the grounds must be the same in either case.

In the case just put, the parties are supposed to have been of mature age. Miss Turner was little more than 15; but that circumstance, though it may affect the validity of an English marriage, does not affect the validity of a Scotch marriage. By the law of Scotland, a girl after she is *twelve* years of age may validly contract marriage. Miss Turner was more than three years beyond the age when she might have validly contracted marriage in Scotland. Her youth, therefore, is not an ingredient in the question. Neither is the want of the consent of her parents an ingredient, because in Scotland the consent of parents is not necessary. When a girl arrives at the age at

which she can validly contract marriage, she may marry to please herself, without consent of parents or guardians. The law of Scotland does not recognize control in marriage. It does not say, that at one age a girl is to marry to please her parents, and at another to please herself. It fixes an age before which she cannot marry at all; but after she passes that age, it leaves her to her own choice of a husband. In short, a girl under 16 may elope from her parents in England, and contract a valid marriage at Gretna Green, and not the less that she is an heiress.

That Miss Turner intended to contract marriage at Gretna, fully appears from her own evidence. She says, that the proposal was submitted to her at Kendal, and that at Carlisle she consented to marry Mr. Wakefield. How that consent was obtained, is a separate matter, which may perhaps affect the validity of the marriage. But she did consent at Carlisle. From thence she proceeded to Gretna, for the purpose of contracting marriage. At Gretna, a ceremony was performed, and she declared herself to be the wife of Mr. Wakefield, seriously intending to constitute at that time and for ever the relation of husband and wife. She travelled with him to France, and there lived with him for some time in the perfect understanding and belief that she was his lawful wife, till her uncle, and the solicitor by whom he was attended, told her that the marriage was not valid. There is here everything which the law requires to make a valid marriage, unless it is vitiated by some of those antecedent or concomitant circumstances which the law of Scotland recognizes as grounds of nullity of marriage. In the meantime, we may hold, that if there is a nullity, it does not arise from the want of age, or the want of the consent of parents, or the want of regular celebration, or the want of consummation. No one of these things was necessary to the

* Erskine.

† Lord Stair.

validity of the marriage—the absence of the whole of them does not touch it.

Neither is there any room for holding that the proceedings at Gretna were adopted for any purpose, or with any intention, short of constituting immediately the relation of husband and wife. Miss Turner's own statement on that subject is conclusive. Still the inquiry remains, By what means was she induced to consent to become Mr. Wakefield's wife—to entertain seriously the intention of constituting the relation of husband and wife, and to take those steps which she believed were calculated to carry that intention into full and lawful execution? Were those means such as vitiate and nullify the whole proceedings?

We understand that the opinion of the only Scotch lawyer examined as a witness on the subject was, that these means were not such as to invalidate the marriage; and we believe this is the general opinion of those who have studied the question professionally. But let us first see what the means were, and then let us see how they operate on the question. We begin by stating, that there was a deliberate plot laid to deceive Miss Turner, by a series of false statements. That plot had two parts. The first, which consisted in sending a false letter to Miss Dalby, alleging illness of the mother, was intended to get Miss Turner away from the school, and to give Mr. Wakefield access to her ear, and opportunity to deceive her by another false statement. It was a cruel part of the plot, trifling in the most wanton manner with her feelings; but it had no influence on her consent to marry Mr. Wakefield, for she was undeceived as to the statement in that letter, before she even entered the same carriage with Mr. Wakefield. Indeed, the first conversation that passed between them when they met for the first time in their lives at the inn at Manchester, was a statement by Mr. Wakefield that the contents of that letter were not true, but

were intended as a cover for the real cause of taking her from school. That statement, as coming from a stranger, was rather calculated to excite, than to allay suspicion, as to the accuracy of his future statements; but at all events it had nothing to do with the story which afterwards obtained her consent to marry Mr. Wakefield. The second part of the plot was what obtained that consent. This part consisted of a series of false statements as to the situation of her father's affairs—the probability of his being ruined by the losses he had sustained—the pretended loans by a relation of Wakefield, to whom the estate of Shrigley was to be the security—the pretence that the property might become her's and be saved by her marriage—and the allegation that her father and his solicitor had suggested that Wakefield should be the husband. She pondered over these statements from Kendal to Carlisle without returning any answer. At Carlisle she was falsely told that her father was in the town in concealment—that the Wakefields had seen him, and that he had sent a message to her, if ever she loved him, not to hesitate to accept of Mr. Wakefield as a husband. She then consented, without expressing any desire to have communication with her father on the subject, either personally or by writing. From that moment she resolved to become the lawful wife of Mr. Wakefield, and acted accordingly. The question then arises, Whether the falsehood and deception by which the consent was obtained, and the marriage brought about, is a ground of nullity?

Had there been force, or threats of immediate personal violence, there is abundant authority for holding that the marriage might be set aside; but this is not a case of force. There was no actual force, or intention to use force, and accordingly there was a verdict for the defendants on the count which charged force. There was no threat of immediate violence, or of violence at all, to Miss Turner—there was no threat of violence to-

wards any person—there was no threat of any illegal act. There does not seem to have been even a pretence by Mr. Wakefield, that he could control Mr. Turner's creditors—could cry them on or whistle them back at his pleasure, and intended to exercise that power just according to Miss Turner's decision on his proposal of marriage. The scheme of marriage seemed to have been suggested to her as a device contrived to defeat the alleged creditors of her father. There was, therefore, no force real or constructive. There was a false statement as to her father's circumstances, and of pecuniary benefits likely to result to, and pecuniary evils likely to be averted from, her father and her family by the marriage, and of his wishes that it should take place. She believed these false statements without inquiry—they operated on her reverential regard for her father. The whole was a fabrication, devised to work in this instance upon the best feelings of the mind—it might have been upon the most sordid passions. Is there anything in the law of Scotland for holding that, in either case, such a deception would be a sufficient reason for setting aside the marriage? We have not found any such authority; on the contrary, we have found, that "Reverential fear lest one should offend parents, unless threats or force concurred, will not annul marriage;" and that "a mistake in the fortune, or other quality or circumstance not essential to marriage, will not give ground for annulling it, because though it is probable, if the party had truly known that circumstance, he or she would not have married; yet it was incumbent on them to have inquired into these matters."* And we read in the greatest authority on the law of Scotland, that "Errors in qualities, or circumstances, vitiate not; as if one supposing he had married a maid or a chaste woman, had married a common prostitute."† What deception can be more gross

than this? What greater fraud can be practised in the constitution of marriage, than to pass off a strumpet as a lady of virtue? And yet, according to the highest authority in the law of Scotland, this would not be sufficient to annul the marriage.

We have no authority for holding that any fraud short of a deception as to the identity of the person, will annul a marriage; and there the principle is, that there was *no intention to marry that individual*. In like manner, if a person is, by continued intoxication, deprived of the *capacity* to contract or consent, there can be no marriage. But we know no instance of a marriage set aside on the ground of mis-statement as to circumstances and fortune. If such a principle should once be admitted, where would it stop?—how many marriages are tainted, or rather how few are not tainted, by deception of some kind?—how many pass themselves off for persons of higher rank and larger fortune than they possess, and gain their object by practising on the vanity, or sordid feelings, or needy circumstances, or love of splendour, of those on whom they have set their minds?—how many conceal their years and their wrinkles, and their grey hairs, (thanks to the Tyrian die,) and their defects of person, and the obscurity, or maybe stains of their birth? In short, where is the matter to stop, if any deception as to circumstances is to be made a ground for annulling marriages? Put the case, that Mr. Turner's affairs had actually been embarrassed, and that Mr. Wakefield had represented himself as having the inclination and the means to relieve the family, and upon that representation had obtained Miss Turner's hand, when he was not worth a farthing;—that would have been a stronger case; yet it would not have been a ground for annulling the marriage. And on what principle can the law take into consideration a deceptive or false statement relative to the for-

* Lord Bankton.

† Lord Stair.

tune and circumstances of the party to whom the statement is addressed, or of those with whom she is more immediately connected, and as to whom she must be presumed to have the means of making inquiry, and ascertaining any facts she considers essential.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that marriage is on the same footing with ordinary contracts. In these there is frequently no opportunity, and generally no necessity, to deliberate or inquire. The law recognizes a reliance on the mere statements, even on the silence of the parties transacting. The consideration is pecuniary; and if a wrong is done, pecuniary restitution can always be obtained, and is all that can ever be wished for. But in marriage, there is no consideration which the law can look to, *save the person*, and the marriage is presumed to have been entered into with full deliberation, and after all the inquiry which the party cared to make. If Edward and Helen mutually accept each other as husband and wife, with a real intent to constitute at that date and for ever, the relation of husband and wife, the law recognizes in that proceeding no motive or purpose, on either part, other than the one for which marriage was first instituted. Rank, or riches, or beauty, or virtue, may have been the inducement; but the law regards them not. They are not essentials of marriage, though, but for them, the particular marriage might never have taken place. And although it should afterwards turn out that the pedigree was assumed—the boasted riches a fiction—the beauty mere paint and padding—and the air of virtue gross dissimulation, the law of Scotland will not interfere. If Edward has got for a help-mate that individual Helen, whom he really intended to marry, and if she has got for a husband that same individual Edward, to whom she intended to surrender herself as his lawful wife, and if they are capable of dis-

charging towards each other the respective duties of husband and wife, the law is satisfied.

This doctrine of the law of Scotland does not seem to differ very much from the doctrine of the law of England. Put the case, that Miss Turner had been of mature age, and had, by the same or a similar story, been prevailed upon to contract matrimony with Mr. Wakefield in England, and that the marriage had been celebrated according to the forms of the Church of England; would the mere deception have been a ground for setting aside that marriage?

In the case Wakefield* against McKay, an attempt was made by the husband to set aside the marriage, alleging, among other grounds, that the woman gave herself a false name, pretended that she was the niece of a certain lady of respectability, and was related to certain noble and illustrious families, whereby he was prevailed upon to consent to marry her, when, in fact, she was not so related, and was a natural child of some person unknown. In giving judgment in that case, Sir William Scott, after stating that there was no evidence of the deception, proceeded thus: "But taking the fact to be otherwise, that a *fraud* had been practised with this view, and that *it had been successful*—that Mr. Wakefield had been captivated by this pedigree which she had assumed to herself, still that will not *in the least*, of itself, affect the validity of the marriage. Errors about the fortune or family of the individual, though produced by disingenuous representations, *do not at all affect* the validity of the marriage; a man who means to act on such representations, should verify them by his own inquiries. The law presumes that he uses due caution in a matter in which his happiness for life is so materially involved, and it makes *no* provision for the relief of a blind credulity, *however it may have been produced.*"†

* A near relation, we believe, of the subject of our present observations.

† Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

In giving judgment in a later case, (*Sullivan v. Sullivan*) the same able and eloquent judge thus expounded the law: "I will not lay it down, that in no possible case can a marriage be set aside on the ground of having been effected by a conspiracy. Suppose three or four persons were to combine to effect such a purpose by intoxicating another, and marrying him in that perverted state of mind, this Court would not hesitate to annul a marriage, on clear proof of such a cause connected with such an effect. Not many other cases occur to me in which the co-operation of other persons to produce a marriage can be so considered, if the party was not in a state of disability, natural or artificial, which created a want of reason or volition, amounting to an incapacity to consent."

"Suppose a young man of sixteen, in the first bloom of youth, the representative of a noble family, and the inheritor of a splendid fortune; suppose that he is induced by persons connected with a female in all respects unworthy of such an alliance, to contract a marriage with her after due publication of banns in a parish church to which both are strangers. —I say the strongest case you could establish of the most deliberate plot, leading to a marriage the most unseemly in all disproportions of rank, of fortune, of habits of life, and even of age itself, would not enable this Court to release him from chains, which, though forged by others, he had riveted on himself. If he is capable of consent, and has consented, the law does not ask how the consent has been induced. His own consent, however procured, is his own act, and he must impute all the consequences resulting from it to himself, or to others whose happiness he ought to have consulted, to his own responsibility for that consent. The law looks no further back."*

The law of England would probably find an easy mode of dealing with the case of Mr. Wakefield on

the ground of the years of the lady, and the want of consent by her parents; but viewing it in relation to the law of Scotland, these circumstances are of no consequence; and if this was a case of a regular marriage of persons above sixteen in England, but brought about by the same false story, how would the law of England deal with it on the principles laid down by Sir William Scott? The law of England may perhaps not be so inflexible as the law of Scotland, but the principles do not seem to be materially different; and if the one is wise and just, the other cannot be branded with folly or injustice.

There is one other consideration connected with the validity of this marriage, which does appear to us to be of considerable importance. If Miss Turner is not the wife of Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Wakefield is not married to Miss Turner. Both are married or neither. The law of Scotland knows no such thing as an obligation to marry, at least it knows no way of enforcing such an obligation. If Miss Turner can shake herself free of Mr. Wakefield, it follows that Mr. Wakefield can shake himself free of Miss Turner. Now, how would those who doubt the validity of the marriage have regarded the question, if, at Calais, Mr. Wakefield had stated that he did not intend to proceed further in the matter—that he had repented, or had met with a more attractive object, and set at nought all the entreaties of Miss Turner to be allowed to abide with him as his lawful wife? Yet it is plain, that if there is no valid marriage, either party can draw back, and if there is a valid marriage, neither party can draw back. Let us carry the matter a little farther, and ask how long Miss Turner's right to draw back continued. It continued for weeks —Would it have continued for months or years, or so long as she remained in ignorance of the trick which had been practised upon her?

* Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

—Would the marriage have been *invalid* all that time? If so, Mr. Wakefield's right to draw back continued also. Let us carry our supposition a little farther, and suppose that in this long period of ignorance, Miss Turner had yielded to Mr. Wakefield all the rights of a husband, and had borne him children, that would not have altered the question, because the marriage was as complete without consummation as with it; and if it laboured under a nullity on account of the deception, the consummation which had taken place under the same deception could not cure the nullity or take away Miss Turner's right to have the marriage declared null. Yet, if the marriage was null—if Miss Turner was not truly the wife of Mr. Wakefield, neither was he her husband, and not being

her husband, he too was entitled to set at defiance all that had passed, and bear himself as an unmarried person. It is truly appalling to contemplate the consequences to which such a doctrine would lead—consequences utterly repugnant to the whole principle of the Scotch law of marriage; and we cannot believe, that under any circumstances they can be the offspring of that law. The *Legislature* may find extraordinary remedies for extraordinary cases, and it is fitting that it should do so; but to endeavour to reach them by a *forced interpretation* of the law, or by substituting *sentiment for principle*, would indeed be a dangerous innovation, and a fearful breach of the barrier, by which all our rights and interests are protected, and our present relations preserved.

SLAVERY BOTH UNJUST AND UNMERCIFUL.

IN advocating suffering humanity in the case of colonial slavery, I do not expect to receive any earthly recompense; I want not any; I am more the apologist than the persecutor of the slave-holder. Slavery, in its nature and tendency, approximates the very precipice of destruction: the longer it is persisted in, and the farther it proceeds, the more dreadful will be its explosion. "The overbended bow will break." If the slaves are human beings, they are either over-taught or under-taught; they either know too much, or too little. Either reduce them to the state of beasts, or admit them to the society of men. Justice, upon civilized principles, demands Negro manumission as men, or defined property as beasts: the one or the other they must be.

If manifest injustice to an individual produce national indignation, what may be expected from evident injustice exercised upon 830,000 fellow-men? Eight hundred and thirty thousand human beings, either ravish-

ed from their native country, or born into a state of slavery, demand our softest sympathy, and their condition our most decided execration! That such a statement should be made, upon matter of fact, overwhelms humanity with horror, and sets Christianity at defiance! That such a state of things should exist within the reach of British legislation, is truly appalling! Vigilance itself may overlook an evil in miniature; but to such a magnitude is this evil grown, that the perpetrators thereof set at defiance the very government by whom they have been protected!

That in the island of Great Britain neither the sovereign, nor any of his subjects, shall hold *one* slave, and that, in a West India colony, a British subject may possess *thousands* of slaves, is truly paradoxical! If slavery would contaminate the island of Great Britain, what shall be said of its colonies, where it is sanctioned and carried on to an extent unequalled in any age or state in the civilized world?

Queries proposed to the candid Consideration of British Subjects, but more especially to the British Legislature.

1. How, or in what way, did the intercourse first commence between the whites of the West India colonies and the blacks of Africa?

2. What kind of title did the whites obtain with regard to the persons of the African blacks and their posterity?

3. In what light can we view the illegitimate offspring of whites and blacks, but as a kind of monsters, despised both by whites and blacks?

4. If the African males possess the mental powers of man, can they view the despoiled chastity of the youthful African virgin by the whites, without the greatest indignation and abhorrence?

5. What degree of injustice would there be in the black population of our West India colonies, if they should devise the means of escape from their present bondage, and even if they should place the whites in their present condition?

6. What would candour say, if an equal number of white human beings were to make their escape from an equal number of black human beings? Would we blame them as having committed an act of injustice, or an act of degradation, to their nature?

7. Does possession alone give a legitimate right in civilized society, with regard to property?

8. If our West India colonies have been of any real advantage to the British empire, has it not been chiefly from the labour of the African race? And if we have been thus benefited by their labours, is it a suitable return, that we should either wantonly shed, or libidiously pollute their blood?

9. Does the British legislature think itself competent to repeal a former act of parliament, or to enact a new one?

10. If England, France, and Spain have been rent and torn by intestine divisions; if so much ill blood has been produced where no difference of colour existed, what is likely to

be the future consequence, if something be not now done to ameliorate the condition of such a degraded people as the Negro slaves?

11. With regard to compensation to West India planters, may they not ask with propriety for compensation for all the stock on hand of whips, and other instruments of cruelty? for the loss of Sabbath-days' labour, &c. &c.?

12. What nation has exerted itself as has the British nation, in promoting the spread of the holy scriptures amongst the human race? And what feature of that most sacred book is more prominent, or gains more unanimous consent, than the following passage—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, &c. &c." Matt. vii. 12.

The situation of the British colonies is now at an awful crisis: they demand prompt and decisive measures; the planters are exposed to the most imminent danger! Suppose the population to be 50,000 whites, and 800,000 blacks; how are these blacks to be restrained from acts of resistance to such whites, if they either are, or think themselves to be, oppressed by such white population? If the time is not past, it is most assuredly arrived, for absolute and adequate parliamentary interference. Colonial opposition to legislative interference argues a most unpardonable ignorance. If the African race are capable of rebellion against a lawful sovereign, they must be considered as lawful subjects; and, if legitimate subjects to the British crown, the British government is bound to see that justice be administered to these subjects. That slavery has existed, and now exists, is an universally acknowledged fact. That the British sovereign, his ministry, the parliament, the West India merchants, or the present West India planters, were not the originators of slavery, is granted; but that it has been, and that it now is, an existing evil, I have not seen or heard of one argument to disprove; nor do I think (except upon the principle of their

being beasts) that one argument can be advanced in favour of continued slavery. If they are beasts, and not men, I relinquish all farther advocacy in their behalf, and leave the colonial legislators and West India planters to pursue their own course, and to dispose of these African brutes as they judge most to their own interest.

From the testimony of the colonists themselves, we learn that the white inhabitants of the West India islands are under a constant degree of painful apprehension of insubordination and insurrection from the black population; and what innate principle can be expected, or what instruction has been communicated to the African race, to supersede such alarm? On which side is manifested the greatest degree of demoralization? Let the mulatto speak for the chastity of the whites; let the cruelties of the whites be set in array against that of the blacks; and let candour say which has the greater need of moral and religious instruction! Did the white population of the West India islands stand related to me by the nearest ties of consanguinity; did I stand possessed of the greatest temporal property, and the most legitimate rights that colonial legislation or British law could confer, I would say, for God and for heaven's sake, let something be speedily done to remove this mass of guilt; this monstrous load, which sooner or later must overwhelm us! If we must continue this horrid procedure, let our British government renounce the Christian religion; let the Koran supersede the Bible; or let us retrograde to our ancient Druidism; we shall then, at least, be more consistent.—Could any individual, European nation, or could all the civilized European nations united together, give a legitimate right to the traffic of the African race? Where shall we find the title-deeds? In what British sovereign's reign did the right of the slave traffic commence? If power to possess, and power to keep possession, constitute

legal right, then may the British government dispose of almost half the known world; millions of our fellow-creatures may then be subjected to an auction mart, and pass as real property to the highest bidder!

I am a British subject; I might migrate, and become a citizen of the United States of America; but would such migrations exempt me from my original allegiance to the British government? Were I to be taken in arms fighting against my legitimate country, should I not be considered as a rebel? I cannot conceive how an African-born Negro can be a legitimate subject of the British government, or a rebel against British authority, especially if he were brought from Africa by force! Nor can I conceive how the descendants of such Africans can be the personal property of any European sovereign, or European subject! Can there be any fair, just parallel drawn between the state of the peasantry of England, or Ireland, and the Negroes of the West India colonies? That the Negro may be as well clothed and dieted as the peasant, is admitted; but the peasant possesses a right to the disposal of his mental powers and bodily labour, from which the Negro is for ever excluded! Is there more or less injustice in an Algerine corsair taking and subjecting to slavery European subjects, than there is in Europeans taking and subjecting African subjects to colonial slavery?

If the British colonies can produce free-born British citizens, known only by the complexion of the skin, (white,) is it not unnatural and unjust to disfranchise thousands of human beings, merely because they happen to be black or brown? Reason, religion, and common sense, say, the Negro is either a man, or something else. Now, if the Negro be something else, and not man, what an awful charge is brought against many of the planters and overseers, for unnatural connexions with these female something-elses!

The legislators, planters, and friends of continued slavery, seem

determined to misunderstand and misrepresent the voice of their white brethren, and the wish of the British public. Do the colonists suppose that the voice is the voice of clamour, and not of reason and humanity? Do they think that their white brethren wish the Negroes to be let loose, as cattle from the stall; or that ships should be sent to convey them to some other part of the world? Do they wish to have the British parliament, or the British public, to take the slaves by valuation, or to have public sales by auction? If so, they must form a very contemptible opinion of British judgment. An English auctioneer would blush to exhibit a herd of naked, or half-clothed Negroes for sale. He would be at a loss to know how to set off such cattle to the best advantage! Auctioneers we have, who are accustomed to extol all sorts of live stock, (save and except live Negroes!)

The advocates for slavery are perfectly paradoxical in their declarations. They pronounce the slaves to be unfit for emancipation; that there must be a previous fitness; that the fitness must be by a suitable moral improvement; and yet they tell you that that moral improvement will tend to discover to them their mental and physical powers; and that such a discovery would lead to insubordination and rebellion! What do the advocates for continued slavery, in plain language, desire? Thus much: let the slave-holders, and the legislative rulers of the West India colonies, alone: let them have the exclusive right of governing and instructing the Negroes, as their own interest and wisdom may suggest: let the means of moral improvement, or the withholding of such means of moral improvement, be entirely left to their superior and more enlightened judgment: let the British legislature send and support a sufficient military force, to overawe and keep in subjection this vast mass of the African race.

Crime, in a British subject, or in a foreigner in England, subjects him

to the loss of liberty; but is not antecedent crime the cause of Negro slavery? Prisoners taken in war suffer the loss of liberty, but are never subjected to labour, as are the Negro slaves. And a prisoner (except upon a parole of honour) is always expected to make his escape, if in his power. Whilst a slave exists, brought by force from Africa; whilst a Negro exists, the descendant of such slave, still held in colonial bondage, the voice of the living, and the blood of the slain, will cry for vengeance upon the head of the guilty.

Liberty and slavery are the two extremes of human society. Every rational being endeavours to hold the former, and to avoid the latter. The *literati*, in all ages, have advocated the cause of liberty; and tyrants, in all ages and countries, have opposed liberty, and have advocated that of slavery. Wherever tyranny is in the van, slavery will be in the rear. No subjects enjoy a greater degree of liberty, than some in a part of the British empire; nor is there a less degree of liberty than thousands of its subjects in other portions of its dominions possess. Science has ever been on the look-out, to lessen the labour and ameliorate the condition of mankind: and he who stands opposed to such design, is the enemy of such science. Never had a sovereign in Europe a more favourable opportunity of displaying real philanthropy, than has George the Fourth. Fifty thousand of his white subjects hold in chains of slavery 830,000 fellow-men! Nothing in human society can equal this paradoxical claim. Did the very existence of the West India colonies depend upon this state of things, justice, mercy, and truth would say as with one voice—If Negro labour cannot be had without Negro slavery, let it cease to exist. England had better not possess, than have the curse of such possession.

The advocates for continued slavery reason thus—"Slavery has been, it now is, and therefore it must con-

tion! Whatever has existed, and now exists, must continue to exist! Laws that have been, and now are, must for ever continue to be! The present sovereign, the lords, and the commons, now in existence, must therefore continue to exist! To colonial legislation, immutability is the order of the day, and therefore colonial slavery must be commensurate with colonial existence!"

Hitherto the colonists have obtained and held the Negro slaves nearly upon a par with four-footed property. We will suppose the stock necessary for the cultivation of the West India colonies to be 800,000 slaves. Whilst the African market was open for the purchase of slaves, and the planters conceived it to be cheaper to import than to breed them, little regard was paid to the offspring of such slaves: but supposing such market to be shut, and the like number of slaves to be wanted, it becomes as necessary (from self-interest) to attend to the breeding of young Negroes, as, in other circumstances, it would be to rear up carefully the young of cattle, horses, or sheep. Supposing, henceforth, that not another slave shall be imported from Africa, self-interest alone will induce the planters to endeavour to keep up their stock; and this, as an argument in favour of continued slavery, is as self-evident as that the English farmer is careful of his live stock, and that he rears it up with special care for his own advantage.

There are two specific species of philanthropy, the one demonstrates self-interest, the other the interest of others. Now, the inquirer asks—Upon which of these principles do the colonists act? Can charity itself say, that they manifest the latter of these principles?

Were it not for the ponderous hogsheads of sugar, the immense bales of cotton, and bags of coffee, &c. which are landed on our shores, I should be ready to conclude, that all this great ado about colonies, slavery, &c. was a mere romance, a fairy tale! (that 800,000 black hu-

man beings were the property and the slaves of 50,000 white human beings!) invented for youthful amusement, in order to give them a distaste for cruelty and oppression, and a love for humanity and liberty. I am now in the seventy-first year of my age, I never set foot on the shores of the new world, nor have I ever seen a West India island; but I am constrained to believe that such a continent and such islands do exist: and, moreover, that on that continent, and in those islands (*bona fide*) slavery exists; yea, and to the full extent of this apparently "romantic tale!" I predict that when slavery is no more, our posterity will blush at the cruelty of their ancestors; and even wish to blot from the page of European history, this "execrable tragedy!"

To hear a peer in the House of Lords assert, (without contradiction) that the slaves, and their descendants, are the *real property* of the planters, is a most unqualified assertion, and can never bear the ordeal of a British court of justice. Property in horses, sheep, or horned cattle, is disposable either by sale or slaughter. If the property in slaves is redundant; if there be no means of profitable disposal, why may not the planter reduce his stock, either by making away with the aged and worn-out, or the young and unprofitable?

Of what advantage can a proclamation be to the Negroes of the West India colonies? Can they read such proclamation? If they can, can they understand either the threatenings or the promises which it contains? If the lower orders of men, in our own highly-flavoured land, are kept in awe more by the strong arm of magistracy, than by a conviction of benefits flowing from the throne, what allegiance can be expected from the Negroes to a sovereign, from whom they are not conscious of ever having received one favour? Whatever may have been done, or whatever may be done, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves

by the British legislature, is of no avail; and till its efficiency shall cross the Atlantic, and break through the strong phalanx of colonial oppression; till the British legislature

shall enforce its authority into these strong holds of cruelty, it may be truly said, "Nothing has yet been done."

A VISIT TO THE ASSIZES.

THOSE who frequent the courts of justice, and are often present at the trial of cases, soon become familiar with the various scenes which are presented upon such occasions; but to me, who never attend the assizes, except when summoned upon a jury, which does not occur oftener than once in three years, the appearance of a crowded court, and the many, very many sights of joy and misery which a common observer cannot but notice in an assize-town, are all matters of high interest. Within the last week I have been present at many such scenes. Having a small freehold in our county; I was selected as a special jurymen, and attended to try an important cause, but the trial having been postponed until the last, I was obliged to remain at ——— two days longer than I expected. Not having any other business there, I used to stroll from one court to the other, sometimes listening to the civil cases, and sometimes to the criminal, and not unfrequently I took my stand upon the steps leading to the hall-door, and there watched the various groups around me. Upon the morning of the second day, I was standing at my usual place upon the steps, when my attention was particularly attracted towards some country people who were collected upon the pavement below. There were five of them; three men and two women. Of the latter, one dressed decently in a long red cloak, was crying very bitterly, her face hid in her handkerchief, and leant upon the arm of an elderly man, who stood firmly upright, his ruddy sun-burnt countenance fixed in an expression made up of sorrow, anger and contempt. His hat seemed

slouched over his face as if to prevent any one from recognizing him, but it was not sufficiently large to conceal either his dark fiery eye, or the long white hairs that fell down the side of his face. Immediately opposite to them stood a man and woman seemingly of lower rank in life, and of a very different character; the woman, who was dirty in the extreme, although with some few patches of finery about her dress, lolled carelessly, throwing her eyes around her in a manner which seemed to prove how far she was removed from anything like the sorrows which the other woman so strongly manifested. The man stood with his arms crossed, his hat placed just upon the top of his head, and his ill-looking ruffian-like countenance indicating something very like defiance. The remaining member of the group stood between the men, and from his appearance I concluded him to be an attorney's clerk. When I had observed them a few minutes, the latter member of the party left them, and made his way towards the hall, the others remaining as before. "Zounds!" exclaimed the rough-looking man, "this is nothing of a scrape! I have been in many a worse 'un, and always got clear off. Haven't I, Poll?"

Poll nodded her assent. "I don't know what you call a scrape, then," said the old man; "Is't no scrape to be made the gaze of all the town; to be printed in the calendar as a thief; to be brought from prison to hall, and sent from hall to ———?" He paused, the word seemed to choke him. "Great God! that ever a son of mine should stand in the dock and hold up his hand as a felon! Nay, nay, woman," turning to

his wife, who seemed bursting with grief, "don't ye cry, now don't ye cry." Tears rolled down the poor man's cheek as he spake, and his wife, for such I judged the woman leaning on his arm, sobbed bitterly. "Oh! there's no occasion for ye to take on so about 'un; Poli and I'll swear as he was at home all night."

"What though you will?" exclaimed the other man, raising himself, and speaking indignantly, "what though you will? Think ye your oaths will be taken, ye who have been at every tread-mill in England, and whose neck has twenty times been within a yard of the gallows-ropes? What good will your oaths do?"

"I don't see why my oath 'ant as good as any other man's," he answered, blusteringly, as if seemingly inclined to quarrel.

"I do," answered the old man; "were I upon the jury, I wouldn't believe one word you said. You swore to me the last time I saw you, that you knew naught of my lad, and at that very time Kate Cicely and him were in your house, and you knew it."

"Pooh," answered he, "I wan't going to give up my friend."

"Your friend!" echoed the old man, "how came he to be your friend? You decoyed him from me—you and that harlot Kate, and now you have placed him where you should be, to stand the brunt for you. Your friend!"

Ere the other had time to reply, their former companion joined them, and whispering to them, they all walked towards the court-house. Jack Hasper, for that turned out to be the name of the ruffian-looking fellow, and the woman who was with him, walked on first; the old man and his wife followed slowly; I felt too great interest in what I had heard not to walk after them. The woman dried her eyes, and they proceeded towards the top of the steps. I perceived the old man become more and more feeble—step by step he moved slowly on—he reached the

top—he approached the outer door of the court—"I can go no further," he remarked, "I should die if I were to see him. Oh, God! oh, God! be merciful!" Poor man! he clasped his hands before his face, and fell forwards upon the door in the most dreadful agony. Tears poured down his cheeks, and his whole frame seemed convulsed. His wife, for a moment, forgot her own sorrow, in her anxiety for her husband; she led him gently towards the corner farthest from the door, through which the busy crowd were passing to and fro. He still held his hands before his face, and crept close to the wall, as if afraid that any one should recognize him. I had remained at some distance from them, but I felt that my observance was intrusive, and therefore walked on into the court, whispering to the woman as I passed, that if she needed any assistance she would find me near the door.

At the bar was a young man of rather simple, ingenuous appearance, and a woman considerably older, pretty looking, but evidently artful and designing. They were arraigned upon a charge of theft, committed in a dwelling-house, and having pleaded "Not Guilty," the trial commenced. They were indicted as man and wife, and it appeared from the evidence that they had lived together as such. The theft had been committed in the night, about twelve o'clock; the things stolen were some silver spoons, some linen, and several culinary utensils; an apron belonging to Kate Cicely was found in the house which was robbed, and by its means all the stolen articles were traced several days afterwards to the residence of Jack Hasper, with whom Charles Mangrove and Kate Cicely were living. Hasper was immediately taken into custody, but Kate Cicely, in order to release him, laid an accusation against Charles Mangrove, and made a confession purporting that she and Charles had committed the robbery, and brought the articles to Hasper's house. Charles vehem-

mently denied this to be true, and protested his ignorance of the whole matter; but he and his wife, for such Kate Cicely was considered to be, were, notwithstanding his protestation, committed to prison to take their trial. When placed at the bar, Charles Mangrove presented a most pitiable appearance, pale and emaciated, the consequence of irregular living, long confinement, and regret for his follies. He held down his head as if fearing to look around, lest he should recognize some one to whom he was known. His companion, on the contrary, stood up, bold and unabashed, and paid great attention to the evidence detailed against her.

As the trial proceeded, the evidence became rather in Charles Mangrove's favour, and every now and then he gave a hurried look upwards, but quickly relapsed into his former situation. At a time when he gave one of these glances, I happened to be looking at him, and perceived a woman's face just appearing behind the dock; she seemed eagerly to catch every word that was uttered, and at the same time kept her eyes fixed upon him. It was his mother. As he looked round, their eyes met; she withdrew her face; he started, gazed a moment, and then with a heavy sigh, and a wildness of look I shall never forget, sunk down senseless in the dock. His mother heard him fall, and pushing forward, passed on before the jailor, who was about to assist him, and herself raised and supported him in her arms. She uttered a shriek at first, but all grief seemed to subside in her care of him. She pressed him to her bosom; some water was brought, she bathed his temples, and in a few moments he began to recover. The proceedings

had of course been suspended at this moment; and no sooner did he begin to show signs of returning life, than the judge interfered, remarking, that even if there were any evidence to convict Charles Mangrove, the indictment was informal, and must fail, but that he was of opinion no evidence had been given at all implicating him, but rather tending to show that Kate and the master of the house, Jack Hasper, had been guilty of the theft. That being the case, the jury must acquit both the prisoners. "Not Guilty," was immediately pronounced. The mother seemed bewildered. She kept a firm hold of her son, who had scarcely revived; the dock was unlocked; she looked first at Charles, then at the jailor, the latter of whom told her she might go; but she seemed scarcely to understand what he said. At length Kate Cicely approached them familiarly, and was about to take the arm of her paramour. This roused the mother. "Hold off, woman!" she exclaimed, pushing her forcibly back. "Hold off! you have *had* your will of him." Then rushing forward, still holding her son strongly by the arm, they passed to the door, the crowd making way for them. The father had approached close to the door, and listened anxiously to the tumult within; he heard the noise of footsteps—quick and hurried, they came nearer—they passed out at the door—they met——

We can go no farther; it is impossible to describe the meeting. The old man wept like a child—he hung upon his son's neck for a moment, and then they hurried to a neighbouring inn, in a back room of which they remained until sunset, when all three returned home.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1827.

From La Belle Assemblée.

SUMMER PROMENADE DRESS.

A GOWN of pistachio green taffety, made partially high; with a broad border composed of foliage ornaments round the skirt; the leaves, which extend upwards and downwards, are confined in the middle by a ring-strap, which seems to separate one leaf from the other; every leaf is edged round by a narrow rouleau; and the points of the upper leaves are each finished by a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress; the hem next the shoe is concealed by a wadded rouleau. Plain body, a l'Espagnole, with Castilian points round the waist; each side of the bust so ornamented as to form a stomacher in front, composed of zig-zag diamonds in rich silk cordon. The sleeves are in the gigot shape, but not very capacious, with antique points at the wrists, and next the hand a gold bracelet, fastened with a cameo. A collar, a la Chevaliere, of fine lace, falls over from the throat, and is fastened in front, with a red cornelian, set in wrought gold. Over a small cap of lace is worn a Leghorn hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with bows of broad ribbon, of straw-colour and pistachio-green; very long strings of the same ribbon floating over the shoulders.

EVENING COSTUME.

DRESS of tulle or of gossamer gauze over white satin; the border richly ornamented in slight white satin: next the feet the ornament is of an antique Grecian figure, forming a sort of fluting; above this, a rouleau, which is surmounted by a regular row of scrolls of crape, edged with white satin: these scrolls are stiffened, and, though light, have a very rich appearance. The body is of white satin, fitting close to the shape, with a double falling tucker of broad blond, divided by narrow rouleaux of satin; the sleeves very short, plain, and full. On the right side of the

bust is worn a small bouquet of full-blown summer roses. A sash of rich white ribbon has three ends depending in front, which do not come quite so low as the trimming at the border; each of these ends is terminated by a bow of ribbon. A diadem-beretouque constitutes the head-dress, and is of pink spotted gauze; the diadem-toque part very much elevated; next the hair a regal coronet-bandeau, a la Cleopatra: a pink plume, resembling that of the bird-of-paradise, falls over the left side. The ear-rings are of fine pearls, as is the necklace; which is fastened in front with a cameo set in gold; beneath this necklace is tied a pink barege sautoir, drawn through a ring, with an antique head in cameo.

From the Lady's Magazine.

WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH gown of lavender-coloured gros de Naples, with two flounces, elegantly scalloped at the edges, and headed with a corkscrew trimming of the same; a marked distance between the flounces; these flounces are rather narrow, and are set on in festoons, while the body is made plain, and a narrow triple frill encircles the throat. Hat of pink satin, trimmed with scrolls and ornaments of the same, and a few summer flowers; pink strings floating loose. An amber-coloured shawl of Chinese crape is generally worn with this dress.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, with fluted crape ornaments, en revers; the upper one broader than that next the feet. Body made tight to the shape, with a drapery of tulle across the bust, and a splendid ruby brooch in the centre, set round with diamonds. Short sleeves, with a beautiful ornament of broad blond on the shoulders. A beret-toque of celestial blue crape, with a white drooping feather, and ear-pendants and necklace of fine pearls.

OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.

(See page 312.)

"And having nine times viewed the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In come my lady and the pudden :—
You will excuse, Sir,—on a sudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon fowls and colly-flower
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side ;
And by-and-bye the second course
Comes lagging like a distanced horse."

YES, our dinner at Hucklebury Hall was indeed a formidable affair ! When it was served, Beckey and I were placed in due state at our posts of honour. At Mrs. Hopkins's elbow was my destination, supported by Miss Hetty, and the girl seemed ready to jump into my pocket. Fronting me sat Mr. Hopkins, No. 2. The other lovely gems were placed in their accustomed order, and the work began. Till the first edges of our appetite were deadened, Silence was tolerably secure on his throne. He soon, however, took fright, and then in an instant all tongues were let loose. Mr. Hopkins, senior, who, I began to fear, had secreted a common-place-book under the cushion of his chair, began by asking me if I had ever heard (for he had but just found it out) in what position the ancients were accustomed to dine ; and before I could get out the first intonation of the monosyllable "yes"—he had told me all about their recumbent position, and laughed himself red in the face at what he called their lazy habits, and thought they must be very apt to choke themselves.—"Ah, father !" said Master Harry, "I found out that in that ere large book as you put your shaving-can on in a morning ; I'm burnt if I don't think I knew it afore you did. I read it more than a week ago, and forgot to tell you of it : but I've got it all in my common-place-book, and that's more than you have, I dare say. Did you ever read about it, Cousin F—?" said this cackling wisecrack to me.—"No, Master Harry," said I,

"I never read much."—"Well," added he, chuckling, "I thought you didn't, 'cause you don't talk, and I don't think any one can talk as doesn't read."—"Pray, Master Harry," said I, "do you think any one can read who does not talk?"—"There now, Cousin F—," said the pert young monkey, "you are going to play off your quirks and flim-flams upon me, but it won't do. I can see what you are at ; you want to get me into a hackle, and then argue me out of my seven senses."—"Ha ! ha ! ha !" said old Hopkins, in a fat choking laugh, "you see, Cousin F—, the boy is up to you ; his visit to London has put him, what we call here, up to snuff ! 'Pon my life, he even puzzles *me* sometimes. Father's own son—chip of the old block, I'll be sworn."—At this *jeu d'esprit*, the laugh of all the Hopkinses was mightily raised against me. I was, therefore, considered as duly beaten down and defeated, and the hopeful Master Harry leered round the table for applause. Beckey was in puzzle what to do in the present emergency, and felt in an awkward predicament. She caught Harry's eye and mine at the same moment, and though from her humane principles she wished to pamper up Master Harry's opinions of himself, to make him happier, yet she was afraid to do it at my expense. Beckey sat like a statue, and tried to conceal what she intended to do ; but in her zealous endeavour to keep her eyes fixed on both of us at the same time, she twisted them into the most interesting squint imaginable ; so that I, familiar as I had been

for years with all turns (and they were not many) of her countenance, could not, under existing circumstances, trace the least resemblance to my dear sister's usual placid face. This was, however, what I suppose she called putting a *good face* upon the matter, grounded upon the proverb—"handsome is that handsome does." This curious transformation wrought on Beckey's features (though unknown to her) was noticed by all the party, and their *good breeding* induced them to burst out into a round horse laugh, and to point at Beckey, while Harry chuckled out, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." She, good soul, finding that some new joke was started, immediately forgot the painful dilemma in which she had been placed, and her two odd eyes forthwith became a pair again.

Amidst some of the short intervals of silence which occasionally took place, and while Miss Hetty observed her sagacious brother Harry busily engaged, fingers and teeth, on the leg of a chicken, that fascinating creature edged her soft simpering nothings into my unwilling ear. She lisped out a great deal about sensitive hearts, and deep impressions; and, as though she had been talking to her great-grand-papa instead of her cousin, but just on the wrong side of forty-five, she gave me a long list and description of such men as she had made up her mind *not* to marry; as though, poor girl, she had ever had the opportunity of refusing any. Amongst that list, I did not find any one character that I could identify with my own; and for a moment it flashed across my mind that she might have a design—but no: I dismissed the idea as soon as I had conceived it; and therefore I need not at the present moment disclose what it was that flashed across my mind. My treacherous memory will not enable me to recount half the fine and clever things that were said at this or any other repast, but I cannot help relating one more. When the cheese was put on the table (for they always eat cheese at Hucklebu-

ry Hall) and some celery, I said to the old man—"Hopkins, pray send me some celery; you seem as though you intended to keep it all to yourself."—"Ah!" interrupted Harry, hastily and most *politely* disposing of some bottled ale he had half swallowed, lest his father should say a bright thing first—"father's a cunning one; when he's got the *salary* he likes to keep it; he hasn't his place at the head of domestic affairs for nothing."—"Drat that boy!" chuckled out old Hopkins, "what funny things he thiinks on! Father's own son, I take it, cousin F—; but, some how or other, he sometimes gets the start of me confoundedly."—"Yes, father!" said the cub, "I starts the game, and you runs after it, don't you? It's time for thee to rest, as that ere young prince in the History of England said to his father, when he stole the crown off his pillow as he was lying a-bed." All the girls laughed immoderately to find what a grand emporium of wit their father's table had become: Hetty put her arm behind my chair, and patted Harry on the back; and Mrs. Hopkins looked as happy as the true *attic*, and the recollections of Shensstone, could make her. She, worthy soul, had been tolerably quiet all dinner time; and the only dissertation with which she favoured us was upon the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of the leash of chickens which formed part of our bill of fare; interlarded with a few striking reflections on the blessing of farm-yards, and other sylvan pursuits, which chimed in from time to time like the recurrence of a rondo in music.

Dinner being at length concluded, and the dessert despatched, we sauntered about the garden till tea-time; and the kind-hearted Beckey was as assiduous as before in endeavouring to keep the girls away from me; notwithstanding which, Miss Hetty was constantly hovering round me, and doubling upon me in every turn I took in the garden. This persecution worried me grievously, and I

therefore set Becky to endeavour to fish out what she could mean by it: but, unluckily, while Becky and I were in close conversation, I saw something stirring in the midst of a large laurel, and looking closer, I found Master Dickey—meddling, prying, pianoforteing Dickey—squatting down, and (like Desdemona with Othello) “with a greedy ear swallowing up our discourse.” I seized a watering-pot which stood by, luckily brimming full, and before the urchin could escape from his lair, gave him the comfort of the most invigorating shower-bath he ever felt. I sincerely wished I could have washed our secret conversation out of him, for I believe I told Becky distinctly what I thought Miss Hetty was about, and I did not want to have my opinion of the matter blazed all over the house in ten minutes afterwards.

At tea we all met again. Dickey had changed his clothes, but he could not change his shock head of hair, which hung ruefully about his ears, in consequence of the thorough ablu-tion which he had so lately received at my hands. The booby could hardly look me in the face, so great was his confusion. Becky whispered me she was afraid the poor boy would catch his death with cold, while he, notwithstanding the retribution he had so recently met with, was craning out his neck to hear what we were saying; but I replied loud enough for him to overhear, that his spirit of curiosity was quite enough to keep the cold out, whatever she might fear. This damped the youngster more than the water-pot, and he slunk off to another part of the room, fully contented, or at least quieted, by what he had heard. Dickey having thus fully convinced me of his expertness in meddling and prying, was now called upon to convince me further of his capabilities in another department. His fond admiring mother requested him to indulge me (a great hater of green music—I mean music played by greenhorns) with a song, accom-

panied by himself on the piano-forte; which I, however, soon found was not quite so much his *forte* as the other department of his powers. He played rather under a disadvantage, I must confess, for a finger on his *bass* hand had been wounded in a late attempt to pry open the lock of the sweetmeat closet, and his *treble* wrist had been recently sprained by a fall from a ladder on which he had climbed to count the eggs in a martin's nest. Thus maimed, he commenced operations, and his two paws fell like sledge-hammers upon the keys of the unoffending instrument. The boy's voice was bearable enough when used in speaking, but as soon as he began to substitute squeaking for speaking, my afflicted ears were ready to forego their office. The misguided boy then murdered, in a fine self-satisfied style, the ballad of “Oh say not woman's heart is bought;” and though his tones might have found the way to the hearts of those who had been duly drilled into listening, they certainly missed my heart, and went very far beyond it. Hetty was as usual closely posted at my elbow, and said, when the song was ended, so as Becky and I could distinctly hear her,—“If music be the food of love, play on.” As soon as Becky heard this, she looked at me, then up to the ceiling, and then at Dickey. I confess I feared Dickey's ears were open to it too—that he would construe it into an encore *nem. con.* and inflict the murder over again: and as, according to the adage, “a burnt child dreads the fire,” so did I dread what effects a second edition might produce on my nervous system. “Bravo, Dickey, my boy!” exclaimed Harry. “Do you know why you *played* so well?”—“No,” drawled out the boy. “Why, then, I'll tell you,” said Harry; “because you have got *game* hands.”—“Drat that boy!” again chuckled old Hopkins—“still a chip of the old block, I take it, Cousin F——, eh?”—Not only a chip, thought I, but the block itself.

As soon as the mirth which Mr. Harry's jest had excited was subdued,

Miss Hetty began to enlarge, or rather to give me a running commentary upon the ballad with which Master Dickey had favoured us; and in conclusion said, in the most emphatic manner, "Ah, cousin, you have lived all your life a bachelor, and have never therefore learnt by experience that woman 'loves, and loves for ever,' as the song says."—"No, child, no," said I; "I have not learnt by experience, but by theory, which is a thousand fold better, and am therefore quite ready to believe that she loves a day longer than the song gives her credit for."—"There, Cousin F—," said Mr. Harry again, "there you go at your quirks."—"Take care," said old Hopkins, "you see the boy watches you as a cat does a mouse—you can't escape him." I wish I could, thought I, and groaned inwardly, because we had yet five days more to spend at Hucklebury Hall.

For any one possessed of a more governable spirit than myself, I dare say it would have been a very fine thing to observe how each branch of the Hopkins tree endeavoured to display its fruits and flowers to the best advantage. Miss Hetty's small talk was monstrously large in *quantity*, but kept firmly to its standard of *quality*. Miss Polly gave loose reins to her hobby-horse, and entered into at least her hundred and fiftieth dotage on Vauxhall and Astley's Theatre. Miss Hebe was all cowslips and conundrums as usual; and there certainly was one recommendation to her *cowslips*, which was, that they were much better than her *own tips*; and that's all I know of the matter.

Day after day in this manner did our time pass—our days of penance, as I have reason emphatically to call them; and I often longed to see Beckey's imperial once more fairly strapped on the top of the carriage. In due time our period of banishment came to its last ebb. Old Hopkins had told me all he knew: Harry had done the same, and added a great deal more that he did not know. Hetty's small talk had almost become

bankrupt, from the heavy run she had made upon it, but her smirks and smiles still flourished, and as our time grew shorter, she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to my elbow. Polly had exhausted all her extacies, and only waited for a replenishment, when old Hopkins should have the time to show her Sadler's Wells, and the New Christmas Pantomime at Covent Garden, and then, like a jack wound up, she hoped to bound off again. Hebe had laid waste all the cowslips of the season, and, for conundrums, was spending sleepless nights in eager anticipation of the New-year's pocket-books. Dickey—that everlastingly meddling Dickey—was not quite tamed, and was as busy as ever on the morning of my departure, endeavouring to find out the movement of a peculiar patent lock on one of my portmanteaus: and when I came to my journey's end, I was obliged to force open the lock, for the urchin had put it out of all order by cramming a rusty nail into it.

But the events of my visit did not end here. There are some merciless people in the world who are not content with keeping you a prisoner for a week, but seek to ensnare you for the remainder of your days. Hopkins was one of these. An hour before the horses were put to, he beckoned me gravely into his study, and again I had the fear of commonplace books before my eyes, and began to be apprehensive he had overlooked one in our former conferences. However, this apprehension turned out to be unfounded: but a more formidable event than that presented itself. Hopkins began the conversation by pronouncing a flaming panegyric on me and my acquirements—my social qualities, and my sensitive nature! nor did he overlook my independent situation in life. He furthermore assured me that he, Mrs. Hopkins, and Hetty, all agreed in thinking I did not look by many years so old as I was, and many other things of a like character; and while I was lost in amazement to guess

what all this might lead to, he deliberately pulled up his neckcloth round his chin, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, hummed—haa'd—stammered, smiled, and at length complacently asked me what were my *serious* intentions towards his daughter, Hetty; adding (before I could make any reply) that it might be better to understand the business fully before my departure, as more could be done in matters of that sort by half an hour's conversation than by half a year's correspondence. He said he had observed that I was diffident and shy, but that he and Hetty both looked upon that as the result of the delicacy of my mind; and, therefore, to do away with any unnecessary reserve, it was thought best that he should interfere as he had done. *Serious* intentions, thought I; could any one in his senses ever think seriously of any thing connected with Miss Hetty? Stunned and confounded as I was, and boiling with rage, I had still sense enough left to use all this scene in my own mind as an explanation of Miss Hetty's system of haunting me and dodging at my elbow; and then indeed I remembered what had flashed across my mind, when this smirking and small-talking damsel gave me an inventory of the men she would not marry.

I was so enraged that I hardly know what I said in reply to all this.

I remember, however, that I called Miss Hetty something or other that made old Hopkins hop like a parched pea. I vented all my spleen, which had been a whole week gathering; found a fitting epithet for every one of the Hopkinses—slammed the door in the old man's face—uttered something that was not a benediction, and like a shot bounded into the carriage, where Beckey had quietly taken her seat before me: nor was I cooled one degree until I reached my own door; and no sooner had I placed my foot in my own house, than I knelt down, and solemnly vowed eternal enmity against all cousins of all sorts, directing it more especially, and with double bitterness, against all the Hopkinses of Hucklebury Hall.

I did not at once tell Beckey what had so ruffled my temper; but when I did, she held up her hands in mute wonder; again assumed the same memorable squint which she blest us with at dinner at Hucklebury Hall; and from that moment Beckey, my dear Beckey, has never been like herself again. She, poor soul, is worried by the reflection that all this happened through her love of gadding abroad; and while we live together, I fear poor Beckey will never again have the courage to express any wish of her own to her affectionate and too compliant brother.

TARDY ADVISERS.

"IT is very strange that people cannot speak in time!" we often hear said, in a tone of mingled irritation and complaint, as some important hint or prudent suggestion arrives on the heel of the misfortune which it might have prevented. Some of our kind friends are particularly adroit in this method of putting our patience and equanimity to the test. Either from a well-grounded despair of doing any good by advice, or from a love of enjoying the

pleasure of dictation without its perils, they invariably wait till the event is past, and then play off upon us the accumulated stores of their sagacity and experience. An accident or misfortune having once occurred, becomes an occasion that must not be allowed to pass without a suitable "improvement." You must be informed of the causes which led to it, the means by which it might have been escaped, and the rules affecting all similar cases, in all

possible situations. You may also depend on it that your advisers have invariably steered their own course by the charts which they now lay down to you. Really, if the wisdom of such counsellors could but arrive by some earlier delivery, what calamities might not be averted—what errors escaped—what amazing advantages obtained! In its present form, however, its utility very much resembles that of a country engine at a fire, which is brought to play just as the building is consumed. It is likewise extremely unfair, inasmuch as it deprives one of the opportunity which the recipient of gratuitous advice should always enjoy—of doing exactly the contrary, for the sake of independence. But with such dictators you have no escape; but must permit them to enjoy without deduction, the triumph of their assumed wisdom and foresight. Certainly the art of ingeniously tormenting has few more successful varieties.

There are several classes of these tardy counsellors. The first may be said to deal solely in incontrovertible positions—taking you up exactly on your own ground. Your misfortune is rarified, in the alembic of their brain, into a general axiom; and in this form it is obligingly propounded to you, with all the self-gratulation of some recondite discovery. Should you be tossing, for example, in a raging fever, you will probably be informed, that it was highly imprudent to neglect the cold which brought it on;—or, after losing half your fortune in joint-stock shares, it will be demonstrably proved to you, that you did wrong to embark in those schemes. Meet one of these sages as you gallop home, dripping at every point, from a morning ride, and he will tell you that the appearances of the weather were decidedly inauspicious that morning. Or, if you have lately met a repulse, deceived by the language of fair eyes, and perhaps a sympathy for moonlight—you will learn, that you have certainly been too hasty in making your advances. However dearly, in

short, you may buy your experience, you are not supposed to receive any benefit from it, till it has been formally propounded to you by these considerate friends.

The second class deal in opinions far less provokingly true; but being advanced too late to be tried, are equally efficient in contributing to the pleasure and satisfaction of their authors, and to your annoyance. They consist in hints for altering what is unalterable—for effecting improvements in what is finished—and in suggestions on what might have been, for what never now can be. If you have lost a law-suit, you will not be long in learning from these sage advisers the means by which you might undoubtedly have gained it: you should have subpoenaed other witnesses—urged points of law which you omitted—challenged jurymen whom you allowed to sit—and entrusted your cause to almost any counsel than those whom you employed. So, also, if you have lately built a house, it will be all admirable, excepting, perhaps, in the rather awkward defects of standing a furlong or so too high or too low on the hill; of having a wrong aspect, and being built with materials that will not endure. In like manner, after recovering from a tedious disorder, you will be sure to hear of some expeditious route, some sovereign remedy, by which you might have been cured without delay or suffering. In short, whatever may be the occasion, provided you are only gone too far to avail yourself of such suggestions, you will be certain of learning how much better you might have done than you have done.

But there is a third class even more tormenting than those above-named. It consists of friends who possess some important fact, which they take the earliest opportunity of communicating, when it is quite certain the time is past of profiting by it. There is an unaccountable propensity, indeed, in these facts to arrive too late; their authors are generally as incontinent of their know-

ledge after the event, as they were incommunicative of it before. The case of my unlucky friend T—— is precisely in point. He had lately purchased a horse, "warranted quiet in harness;" but he had scarcely driven him a week, when, on some slight provocation, he started off; and after grazing a turnpike-gate, and threatening the brains (if any they had) of a group of children, assembled at hop-scotch, ended his career against the buttress of a stone-wall, where every thing, of course, went to pieces. "It is well you sustained no greater injury, my dear sir," said a sympathising dandy, the next day, sitting on the edge of his bed, and playing with his cane. "Why, I think this is enough," replied the bruised man, writhing in his bed. "Yes, but perhaps you don't know that your predecessor was killed on the spot." "My predecessor!" he exclaimed. "Ah! I supposed you did not know it, from seeing you drive him with such a short curb. Why, I heard by accident, a day or two after you bought him, that he had been forfeited lately, as a deadand."

My old acquaintance, Dr. P—— had, like many others, this singular love of hoarding his knowledge: while there was a chance of its being of any use, nothing could prevail on him to part with it; but after that it was very much at your service. I was one morning going down to our river fishing. It was a fine likely day, with flying showers, and a westerly wind. "Yes, yes;" said the worthy professor of canon law, in his deliberate way, as he rested on his spade, in his little garden—you will have rare sport to-day: you have read Izaak Walton, I see, to some purpose." However, it did not prove so; for though I tried the river perseveringly for several miles down, I was not rewarded by so much as a nibble. To complete my misfortunes, I got thoroughly drenched by a shower; and the dog of a rat-catcher, who passed by, assaulted my commissariat, and robbed it of my entire day's provision.

In this state I was sauntering home in the evening, cursing Izaak Walton and the whole piscatory art, when the Doctor again met me. "Now it is quite impossible," said he, "that you can have caught any thing." "Impossible!" I said, with some surprise, drawing back my empty basket, into which he was going to peep. "Well, my dear fellow," he rejoined; "I should certainly have thought so; as I heard from Sir Thomas, last night, that his people had been yesterday dragging the river."

He highly incensed a party of gentlemen in the same way. It happened that the D—— coach, which daily blew its horn through our quiet little village, had the misfortune to overturn, a short distance after clearing the street. The passengers on its roof were tumbled, with lucky precision, into a dirty pool by the road side; where they found themselves suddenly enveloped in mud and weeds, and surrounded by a party of screaming ducks. The Doctor had been prowling about that morning for news, as the horses were changing; and taking, afterwards, a round through the fields, he came up to the spot just on the heel of the disaster. "Overturned! overturned!" he exclaimed, bustling up to the party, who stood in piteous plight, among a scattered host of boxes and parcels. "Why yes, sir, appearances are very like it;" replied a stout gentleman, shaking his head in vain, to expel the muddy water from his ears. "Well, to be sure," said the Doctor, placing his finger on his nose, "I do remember now, noticing distinctly, when you started, that one of your wheels wanted a linch-pin."

To these specimens of delayed advice, must in justice be added, the exasperating reminiscence of "I told you so!" On this point many of our friends have really no conscience. Upon the slightest grounds—on a look—a tone—a question doubtfully proposed—a pinch of snuff mysteriously taken—nay, even over-silence itself—they have no hesitation in

putting in their claim as our advisers. Their practice resembles that of some navigators, who, having touched a single point of an unknown coast, and there stuck up a rag on a stick, regard the whole as their own. If it were not for these apocryphal claims to a previous foresight, the fame of some hundreds of politicians would dwindle into a span: and, in like manner, a man who fails in any serious enterprise of life, always finds so many friends who "told him so," that if he does not hang himself in his garters, for his stupidity, he must be one of the most incredulous of men. If he is successful, indeed, his case is often little better. "You will do me the justice to recollect that I told you of that," cries one friend; "and that I predicted this result,"

cries another; till at length, like the unhappy daw in the fable, he is plucked of every feather.

Surely the complaining moralists who have painted human nature in such atramentous colours, from its intractability to advice, could never have taken these abuses of it into consideration. Had they done so, they must have seen that the causes of doing so little good were not all on one side. Sometimes its adoption is evidently quite out of the power of the recipient; and in instances when it is otherwise, there is the same excuse for his rejection of it, as for a patient who has been unnecessarily drenched with medicine, if he empties his phials out of the window.

VARIETIES.

LOVE'S FIRST LESSON.

COLIN, though scarcely turned fifteen,
Has fallen in love with Rose;
And Rose, though younger still, has been
Robbed of her heart's repose:
Two such young lovers ne'er were seen
As Colin and as Rose.

Strange fires, which Colin cannot smother,
Within his bosom move;
Rose looks on Colin as a brother,
Or something far above:
Colin and Rose love one another,
But dare not say they love.

Unconsciously, lone still retreats
They seek at evening's close;
And Colin's heart within him beats,
And so does her's in Rose:
He hears not when his pet-lamb bleats,
Nor she her own dove knows.

With timorous step he ventures nigh,
And then sighs tenderly;
And, listening to his heart-drawn sigh,
More deeply still sighs she:
"What ails you, Colin?" is her cry;
"What ails you, Rose?" asks he.

"Rose, my poor heart of feelings new
And wondrous still doth drink;"—
"And in mine, Colin, strange thoughts, too,
Float to the very brink;"—
"Colin, I think that I love you;"—
"Rose, I love you, I think."

Then did they on each other turn
Eyes beaming like a star;

And, by their dewy light, discern
Their hearts' long-hidden scar:
Of all the lessons Love must learn,
The first's the sweetest far!

ANCIENT MANUFACTORY OF ARMS.

The following very interesting account is extracted from one of the best foreign journals, the *Revue Encyclopedique*. The Count D'Abzac, a magistrate in the canton of Tervosson (Dordogne), has discovered by the side of the new road from Lyons to Bourdeaux, between Ternasson and Arrac, opposite the village of Boissier, the remains of one of the armories, if such they may be called, where the ancients constructed their arms and instruments of flint. M. Jonannet, of Bourdeaux, who has so ably illustrated this branch of industry of the ancient inhabitants of Perigord, had already discovered in the Sacladais two of their ancient work-shops; and this last, like the two others, is characterized by a great quantity of fragments of flint, by a multitude of roughly-hewn darts, by the neighbourhood of a natural grotto, which probably served as a retreat for the workmen, and above,

by a considerable heap of bones of domestic animals, which still retain the marks of the fire that had charred them. It may be remarked, that silex is not found nearer to Boissier than two leagues, and that it was necessary to hew many roughly before they could obtain perfect arms or utensils, as may be seen by the numbers which are imperfect and have been left.—But whence the heap of bones? This is a question which, in all probability, will never be resolved.

INVETERATE COVETOUSNESS.

A namesake, if not a relation, of Henderson, the actor, lately told me that avarice was a predominant failing in the private character of this impressive actor, "who called," says the relater, "one day on my late excellent friend, Dr. Fryer, to present him, as a compliment, with tickets for his (Henderson's) benefit. The good and benevolent doctor, who knew the actor's foible, and bore with it, as he did with the failings of every one,—instead of accepting the tickets as a present, offered the money for them, which Henderson took with a blush; and as he put it in his pocket, struck his forehead with the unemployed hand, burst into tears, and said, "I am ashamed; but, by G—d I can't help it!"—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

TO MAKE PUMPKIN OIL.

From the seeds of the pumpkin, which are generally thrown away, an abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted. When peeled, they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well, gives a lively light, lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke. It has been used on the Continent for frying fish, &c. The cake remaining after the extraction of the oil, may be given to cattle, which eat it with avidity.

LUTHER.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has found, in his indefatigable researches, a portrait of Luther,

in wood, and coloured. It appears to have been sent to England soon after that great reformer's death in 1546; and represents him seated in his study, with a skull resting on a Bible before him, and a small clasped book in one hand. An hour-glass and pen and ink are on either side, and a German poem, beneath which is amplified the famous prophecy against the pope.

BUSHMAN'S RICE.

These poor creatures were at this time subsisting almost exclusively upon the larvæ of ants, which they dig from the ground with a pointed stick, hardened in the fire, and loaded with a stone in the thick end. We saw many parts of the plains full of holes, which they had made in search of these insects. There are two species of which they chiefly feed upon—one of a black, and the other of a white colour. The latter is considered by them very palatable food, and is, from its appearance, called by the boors "Bushman's rice." This rice has an acid, and not very unpleasant taste, but it must require a great quantity to satisfy a hungry man. In order to fill the stomach, and perhaps to correct the too great acidity of this food, the Bushmen eat along with it the gum of the mimosa tree, which is merely a variety of gum arabic.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

The honourable Frederick de Ross is preparing for publication a personal narrative of his travels in the United States, with some important remarks on the state of the American maritime resources.

The seventh volume of Miss Edgeworth's 'Parent's Assistant' is just ready for the press. It comprises three Tales, viz: 'The Grinding Organ,'—'Domb Andy,'—'The Dame School Holiday.'

A work of great value is, in preparation, to be entitled 'The Theological Encyclopædia.' It will embrace every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology.